VERMONT *Quarterly*

MOUNT STERLING

mountain owes its name to the old town of Sterling, chartered in 1782. In 1828, one section of own, including the famous Smugglers' Notch, was annexed to Cambridge. In 1855, the remainder e township became parts of Johnson, Morristown, and Stowe. One summit of Mount Sterling is l the Madonna, a name suggested by the summit's profile.

VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

VOL. XX
No. 3

JULY
1952

FREEDOM VERMONT UNITY

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The Quarterly and its companion monthly, VHS News and Notes, are sent without charge to all members of the Society. For information regarding memberships see page 158.

New Series • *Price 1 dollar* • Vol. xx No. 3

VERMONT *Quarterly*

A MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

July 1952

The PROCEEDINGS *of the*

VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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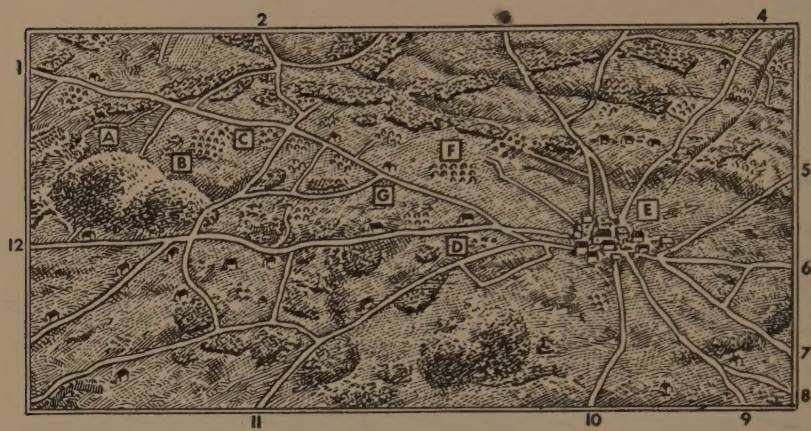
Vermont Quarterly: A Magazine of History, published at Kilburn St., Burlington, Vt., by the Vermont Historical Society. Offices, Library, Reading-room and Museum, State Library Building, Montpelier, Vermont.
Re-entered as second-class matter, April 21, 1950, at the Post Office in Burlington, Vt., under the Act of August 24, 1912. One dollar per copy.



THE BATTLEFIELD OF GETTYSBURG

"Just as we were making up our minds for the worst, some one shouted or rather yelled: 'Here they come, General!' Looking around we saw a column of infantry come swinging down the Taneytown road from the direction of Cemetery Hill, in close column of divisions, at a sharp double-quick, officers steadying their men with sharp commands. They came on as if on review. It was the most exciting and inspiriting moment I ever passed, and every one yelled as if for dear life."—Colonel Meade.*

It is related that as General Doubleday saw the charge of Stannard's brigade, he waved his hat and shouted: "Glory to God, glory to God! See the Vermonters go it!"*

* From *Vermont in the Civil War* by G. G. Benedict, 1888

1. Emmitsburg Road 2. Millerstown Road. 3. Hagerstown Road 4. Chambersburg Pike 5. Mummasburg Road 6. Carlisle Road 7. Harrisburg Road 8. Hunterstown Road 9. York Pike 10. Hanover Road 11. Baltimore Pike 12. Taneytown Road

A Round Top B Little Round Top C Devil's Den D Cemetery Hill E Gettysburg F Seminary Ridge G Cemetery Ridge

VERMONT AT GETTYSBURG

By William R. Folsom

The name Gettysburg will echo in America's memory probably as long as there is an American memory which recalls moving events of the past. The battlefield was not only the scene of heroic deeds on the part of the Blue and the Gray, but also the scene of Lincoln's immortal address and the first healing of deep wounds resulting from the conflict. In this informal paper Mr. Folsom writes from intimate familiarity with the battlefield and the ebb and flow of the memorable battle there. This series dealing with Vermonters in battle began with "Vermont at Bull Run" in the Vermont Quarterly *of January 1951. Editor.*

Before taking up the story of the greatest battle of the Civil War and the part Vermont troops played in it, it might be well, perhaps, to consider, briefly, the status of the war and the conditions north and south in the summer of 1863, when the ragged veterans of Lee's army—joyous, confident and singing "Dixie"—waded across the shallows of the upper Potomac, and began their invasion of the North.

The colorful pageant of the early days of the war—with its blaring bands, fluttering flags and columns of marching men in blue—had given way to a realization of the immensity of the task before the nation, and the gloom, discouragement and grief following two and one half years of fierce and bloody struggle, bringing its burden of pain and sorrow to every tiny hamlet in Vermont. The North was not winning the war; it was losing it. The first battle, Bull Run, was a complete and tragic defeat for the Federal Army in which the 2nd Vermont Infantry played a small but heroic part.

Following Bull Run, the North saw clearly that immense effort and sacrifice must be made if the South was to be conquered.

General Winfield Scott, commander-in-chief of the Federal forces, was old, infirm and incapable of taking the field. He was a huge man, six feet four, with white whiskers, known in Washington circles as "Old Fuss and Feathers," who had had the unique distinction of having his pocket picked to the tune of $800 at a White House reception. This may not be news today. However, a new military star appeared upon the horizon in the person of the youthful Major

General George B. McClellan, hailed everywhere as the "Young Napoleon." Possibly the young general considered the three-cornered hat not a bad fit; at any rate, he proceeded to organize and train the huge Army of the Potomac. As a former chief engineer of the Illinois Central Railway, McClellan was familiar with the management of large and important affairs, and this experience proved of much value in the moulding of the raw Army of the Potomac into an efficient fighting machine. His appointment as U. S. Military Observer in the Crimean War gave him new ideas regarding equipment and training. McClellan was a good organizer, but a poor fighter, always filled with a foreboding pessimism regarding the size of the enemy's forces. He lacked the headlong courage of Stonewall Jackson, and the smear artists of his day whispered that the General, "Little Mac," could not bear the sight of blood. In the spring of 1862, McClellan began his invasion of the South with the avowed purpose of capturing the rebel capital and bringing the war to an end, but his great army was overwhelmed and crushed in the swamps around Richmond and the disorganized and discouraged remnants were withdrawn from the Peninsula and sent north by sea.

Now began a long series of changes in command. Maj. Gen. John Pope, son of a former Governor of Illinois, who had had some success in the Mississippi campaign, came on from the West to take command of a new eastern army hastily thrown together, whose strategic purpose was to advance south, threaten Lee, and so take the pressure off McClellan, still not far from Richmond and clamoring for reinforcements. Now Pope did not endear himself to the High Command of the Army of the Potomac; he issued a General Order, saying that he came to them from the West where they "had always seen the backs of their enemies"—a statement strongly suggesting the boasting of Mr. Jefferson Brick in Dickens' *Martin Chuzzlewit.*

Lee and Stonewall Jackson promptly proceeded to outflank Pope. Jackson got in his rear and his ragged, half-starved "foot cavalry" had a gargantuan feast on the vast supplies of the U. S. Quartermaster's Department. Pope's army was decisively defeated and found shelter behind the defenses of Washington.

Lee and his triumphant legions crossed the Potomac and began his first invasion of the North. Washington and the North had a severe case of the jitters, as Lee's brigades pushed on through Maryland. Washington now recalled McClellan to the command of the Army. The battle of Antietam was fought, and Lee retired across the Potomac, but McClellan was so slow in pursuit that Lincoln, in default of a better choice, removed McClellan from the command of the Army

of the Potomac, and appointed Gen. Ambrose Burnside, Commander of the Union Army—the third change of commanders in three months. As to the battle of Antietam, McClellan would, I think, have agreed with King Pyrrhus, who said of his defeat of the Roman Army, "One more such victory and I am entirely undone." General Burnside was no Napoleon and proceeded to make the tragic mistake of attacking Lee's veteran army, strongly intrenched on the heights south of the Rappahannock River. It is beyond comprehension why the General Staff at Washington allowed the battle of Fredericksburg to be fought at all; it was December, the roads well-nigh impassable; the Rebel position almost impregnable; the Union Army worn out and demoralized. As a result 12,000 Union soldiers lay dead or dying at the foot of Marye's Heights.

An eye witness describes the scene when President Lincoln received the news of the appalling defeat at Fredericksburg: "I shall never forget that picture of despair; he held a telegram in his hands behind his back, he walked up and down the room, saying 'My God, My God! What will the Country say?' " General Burnside has passed across the stage of history into the wings of oblivion, but we remember him chiefly, I think, for his type of whiskers—burnsides, or sideburns—they are not unknown in Vermont today. But Burnside was a faithful, loyal soldier and as such we remember him.

Among the critics of General Burnside's strategy the most outspoken and vociferous was Maj. Gen. Joseph Hooker, popularly known as "Fighting Joe." Burnside retaliated by issuing the following General Order dated Jan. 23, 1863: "Gen. Joseph Hooker, having been guilty of unjust criticisms of the actions of his superior officers and for habitually speaking of other officers in disparaging terms, is hereby dismissed from the service of the U. S. as a man unfit to hold an important commission in a crisis like the present. This order is subject to the approval of the President of the U. S."

This order was *not* approved by the President and on Jan. 26, Mr. Lincoln sent this remarkable letter to Gen. Hooker. [*This letter, I believe, has recently been sold for a very large sum. W.R.F.*] "I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac,—yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things, in regard to which, I am not quite satisfied with you—I think, that during Gen. Burnside's command of the Army, you have thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did the great wrong to the Country and a most meritorious and honorable Brother Officer.—I heard of your recently saying that both the Army and the Government needed a Dictator.—Only those Generals who gain successes can set up as

Dictators—what I ask of you is military success, and I will risk the Dictatorship."

After the disaster at Fredericksburg, the North was in the depths of despair. Greeley, editor of the N. Y. *Tribune*, was in favor of the mediation of a European Power and offered his services as mediator. The world in general thought that recognition from abroad would come at once.

Now an old, familiar scene is played once more. General Hooker was a likeable and spectacular commander and the morale of his army began to rise. His plan of campaign was excellent—on paper. No more frontal and fatal assaults; he would cross the Rappahannock at the upper fords, come down on Lee's exposed flank, drive him out of his strong position on Marye's Heights and force him to fall back on Richmond to save his army. General Hooker was supremely confident, and his boastings remind one of his unfortunate precedessor, General Pope. "I have the finest army on the planet," said General Hooker, "And God have mercy on Gen. Lee, for I shan't."

With two such consummate strategists as Lee and Jackson to oppose him, Gen. Hooker was foredoomed to defeat. While General Lee held off the Union columns, advancing towards Fredericksburg, Stonewall Jackson executed one of the most famous flanking operations of the war; moving at his accustomed high speed through the thick forest, he struck the unsuspecting right flank of the Union Army and crushed it. Had Jackson's attack been launched a few hours earlier, it is quite possible that the Union Army would have been driven to the river's edge and captured. But Fate intervened. Stonewall Jackson fell mortally wounded in the wilderness, and Lee had lost one of the greatest figures in the annals of the war.

Once more the beaten, demoralized Union Army retreated to its old camps on the north bank of the Rappahannock River.

The Confederate High Command now realized that the decisive hour of the war was near at hand.

General Lee decided to assume the offensive, to transfer the field of operations to northern territory. A victory in the field might give him possession of Washington and Baltimore. The Shenandoah Valley would give him a safe line of advancement, and, if necessary, of retreat, for the Blue Ridge range separated him from the enemy; at this time the morale of the Confederate Army was much higher than that of its adversary. The Shenandoah Valley was a rich farming region and General Lee could cut out much transportation and live off the land.

The Confederate government acted promptly with the hearty co-

operation of President Davis and the Cabinet; it was determined to invade the North. Lee, with every regiment he could muster (80,000 men), crossed the Potomac on June 25, 1863, in a heavy rain, the men shouting and singing "Dixie," and entered Maryland and Pennsylvania, confident of victory and a consequent peace with the North. If Lee was to force his enemy to relax his siege of Vicksburg, he must act quickly, draw the foe after him and bring to the North the hardships and horrors of war; this would have great effect on the peace parties there. "I shall," said General Lee, "therefore carry on the war in Pennsylvania without offending the sanction of a high civilization and of Christianity." And he succeeded in keeping damage to a minimum. There were few charges of plundering, but officers had difficulty in keeping bareheaded soldiers from snatching hats from civilians as the columns passed through the crowded streets of the little towns. The campaign strategy was to advance on Harrisburg and cut communication between the east and west. "When the enemy," said Lee, "hear where we are, they will make forced marches to interpose their forces between us and Baltimore and Philadelphia. They will come up (probably through Fredericksburg) broken down with hunger and hard marching; strung out in a long line and much demoralized when they come into Pennsylvania. I shall throw an overwhelming force on their advance; crush it; follow up the success; drive one corps back on another and by successive repulses and surprises, before they can concentrate, create a panic and virtually destroy this army."

When the news was flashed over the North that Lee with 100,000 men had crossed the Potomac and was marching north toward Harrisburg, there was widespread panic and consternation in city, village, and countryside. President Lincoln called for 100,000 militia from Pennsylvania, Maryland, West Virginia, and Ohio to serve for a month.

General Hooker hastily gathered his army together, and leaving his old quarters at Fredericksburg, he crossed the Potomac and marched north, covering Washington as he went along. Hooker asked that the Federal garrison at Harper's Ferry be sent to him as a reinforcement. General Halleck, Chief of Staff, refused, and General Hooker asked to be relieved of his command. Lincoln acted instantly. On June 28, at 3 o'clock in the morning, a messenger from General Halleck in Washington entered the hut of General George Gordon Meade and delivered an order relieving Hooker and placing Meade in command of the Army of the Potomac. This was the fifth change of commanders in six months; little wonder that the Army was demoralized. General

Meade was a veteran commander, with a good, if not brilliant record. General Hooker left for Baltimore within a few hours, giving Meade no intimation of any views he held, if any. Consequently, General Meade was left with a most difficult problem on his hands; but he acted promptly and wisely. He would march his army at its utmost speed northward toward Harrisburg, extending his wings as wide as he dared, until he met the enemy.

Now let us turn our attention to the Vermont troops who played a magnificent part in the great battle, now so near at hand.

After the Battle of Bull Run, the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th Vermont Volunteer Regiments were formed into a brigade—known as the Vermont Brigade, the only brigade in the Union Army permanently known by the name of its state.

In October 1862, an order was issued to form a brigade composed of the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th Vermont Volunteer Regiments, to be called the 2nd Vermont Brigade; its commander was General George J. Stannard of St. Albans. The 15th regiment was commanded by Colonel Redfield Proctor.

Pride stirs the heart when we read the record of George Jerrison Stannard: he was the first Vermont man to volunteer in the war. In April, 1861 he was made colonel of the 4th Vermont Militia, was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General for distinguished valor at Harper's Ferry and assigned to the command of the 2nd Vermont Brigade. On July 3, the last day of the battle of Gettysburg, General Stannard received the highest praise for his gallant attack on Pickett's flank, at which time he was severely wounded. He was wounded four times in battle, the last wound causing amputation of his right arm near the shoulder.

The 2nd Vermont Brigade marched 138 miles in six days and arrived at Gettysburg in time to close a dangerous gap in the lines on Cemetery Ridge.

Now the critical hour of the war was at hand. The Confederate Army must be pursued, overtaken, and brought to battle before it could capture the key cities of Harrisburg, Baltimore and Washington and bring the war to an end.

The Union Army pressed on at its utmost speed; a huge army of 100,000 men—cavalry, infantry and artillery hurrying on to battle. The various corps were widely separated and strung out in long lines. Once the enemy were brought to bay, concentration would be difficult. The weather was intensely hot, the country a series of ridges with long valleys between. (Nothing is hotter than a mountain valley in mid-summer). "All day long June 29," says the historian of the

13th Vermont Volunteers, "we marched through mud and water. General Stannard issued an order that no one should leave the ranks while on the march to get water. The weather was 90 degrees in the shade. We marched from dawn to sunset at our utmost speed." "The 13th Vermont Regiment," said Colonel Henry Clark, "did about the hardest fighting that was done on this great battlefield. In charging Pickett's flank, it contributed largely to the success of our arms at the critical point and captured more prisoners than it had men in its ranks."

One wonders if these Vermont boys (the average age of the soldiers in the Union Army was 23 years), when they threw themselves on the ground exhausted with their uniforms dripping with perspiration, dreamed of home, of Father coming in from the barn with a pail of milk, of Mother carrying the meat and potatoes from stove to table while the little girls drew up their chairs in eager anticipation. How dry their throats were from marching for hours in the choking dust! How they longed for the old spring in the back pasture with its clear bubbling water! Well, it was a nice dream at any rate, but this was war and blood and death. The sky grew light in the east; the bugles sounded, and they dragged themselves to their feet and formed up for the day's march. From headquarters came the orders: "Put the Vermonters ahead and keep the column well closed up"—a tribute to the native endurance of the Green Mountain Boys.

The main Confederate Army crossed the Potomac June 24th and 25th. Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania, was only 74 miles away. How different the countryside from war-ravaged Virginia! Pennsylvania was a rich, comfortable and pleasant land with its broad fields of clover, its fruited orchards and huge barns with overhanging eaves. The Pennsylvania Dutch were an industrious and progressive people and are today. A modern historian has noted the fact that our Pilgrim Fathers must have learned a lot about self-government from their eleven years' association with their Dutch neighbors in Holland, who worked hard, made money and spent that money on schools and hospitals, a cultured and kindly people, an inspiration to a forlorn band of refugees from Merrie England.

On marched the ragged divisions of General Lee's army, through this smiling and fertile land. No enemy in front or on flank. General Ewell with the advance had gathered and stored at convenient points welcome supplies for the hungry men in gray. General Ewell marched through Gettysburg and reached the Susquehanna River a little below Harrisburg. All had gone well with General Lee and the capital of the great State of Pennsylvania lay at his mercy just across the river.

On the night of June 28, the famous scout Harrison arrived at General Lee's headquarters with the alarming news that the whole Union Army had crossed the Potomac and was marching north with all speed in search of the enemy.

Fortune's scale had turned. Lee acted instantly. He stopped the movement on Harrisburg and began concentrating his army at the little village of Gettysburg, a center of several good roads leading west, north and east. The Confederate Army was confident and well in hand. A concentration of the Confederate Army east of the mountains would compel the Union Army to follow and thus abandon their threat to Lee's rear. Unfortunately General Lee did not know where his adversary was. General Stuart, commanding the Cavalry Corps, had been ordered to guard the right flank of the army as it marched northward into Pennsylvania. Apparently Stuart did not comply with the letter of his instructions, for from the twenty-fourth of June to the second of July, General Lee was without the service of the "eyes of the Army." Lee without Stuart was like blind Sampson feeling for the pillars of the temple. General Stuart and his cavalry, riding around the flank of the Union Army, captured a wagon train of supplies, 125 vehicles, within sight of Washington. Stuart decided to deliver these provisions to Lee's Army. This reduced his speed to a walk, and the gray cavalry did not make contact with Lee until the second day of the battle. On July 1, Stuart reached Carlisle, near Harrisburg, and was busy shelling the town when he received an urgent message from General Lee stating that the Confederate Army was at Gettysburg and had been engaged all day with the enemy and ordering him to return at once to that place. Units of the Confederate Army, marching to Gettysburg to procure a supply of much needed stores, encountered General Buford's dismounted blue cavalry west of the town and the battle of July 1st began.

While the great Union Army of nearly 100,000 men was streaming northward, cavalry, infantry, artillery, and trains, it is difficult to locate accurately the position of the Vermont troops in the battle. The 2nd Brigade of the 6th Army Corps was composed of the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th Vermont Volunteer Regiments—these are the troops who made the remarkable march of thirty-two miles in a night and day and arrived on the battlefield late in the afternoon of July 2nd and were held in reserve. On July 1, Stannard's Vermont Brigade of the 1st Corps was not with that Corps in the opening battle; it was six miles away and joined the 1st Corps in the evening on Cemetery Hill.

General Buford's dismounted cavalry held on bravely in the face of heavy odds until the arrival of General Reynolds with the 1st Corps.

For a time the battle went well for the Union troops. General Archer and part of his Confederate brigade had been captured and 1100 prisoners taken, but the enemy attacks grew fiercer. General Reynolds, one of the best officers in the Union Army, had been killed. General O. O. Howard, father of Harry S. Howard of Burlington, took command. Howard had about 21,000 men on the field, the Confederates 35,000. Howard was hanging on bravely; suddenly from out of the northeast came the boom of heavy guns, from the woods above Gettysburg appeared a long gray line of battle. The combined Confederate divisions struck the thin, hard-pressed Union lines in overwhelming force; the whole Federal line was driven back towards Gettysburg, the town captured, and 5000 prisoners taken. The Confederates had won a lucky but splendid victory. However, General Howard's forethought and wisdom saved the Union Army from imminent destruction. Above the town is a steep hill, called Cemetery Hill, as the town's cemetery is located there. Cemetery Hill was at the northern end of a long ridge, called Cemetery Ridge, running south and terminating in another hill named Round Top. General Howard posted his reserve artillery and Steinwehr's Division on Cemetery Ridge; this formed a rallying point for the broken Union forces. But help was at hand; one by one the scattered elements of the Union Army came up on Cemetery Ridge; and when General Meade arrived on Cemetery Hill about midnight, a long line of battle had been formed and the situation was well in hand. General Meade, riding old "Baldy" at his utmost speed through the sultry summer afternoon, heard far to the north the distant rumble of big guns and saw the ever increasing clouds of smoke rising ominously high in the still air. Perhaps the words of Wellington at Waterloo came to his mind, "The night or Blucher." However, the outlook was none too bright. The men were exhausted from marching day and night through suffocating heat, their morale was low; the advance divisions had suffered a sharp defeat; an exultant and powerful enemy confronted them. The forced march to Gettysburg is well and vividly described in the letters of young George Merryweather, a veteran of sixteen and a private in the 11th U. S. Infantry: "After a series of forced marches," he writes, "averaging 30 miles daily, we arrived at Union Mills—23 miles from Gettysburg under a temperature of more than 90 in the shade on the evening of July 1st. Hardly had we settled down, when the bugles sounded, [*You can almost hear the groans of those weary boys. W.R.F.*] and we again took up the line of march, reaching Gettysburg in the early morning.

"During this night march, during a temporary halt, I with some

comrades, visited a farm house adjacent to the road for the purpose of filling our canteens. A matronly woman appeared in the door and bade us come in. Passing through the kitchen, we were ushered into the dining room. Seated at a table were a number of officers; one of whom upon our entry, ordered us out; the good lady indignantly advised him that we were her guests; that she knew no difference in rank, that all who wore the blue were equally welcome at her table, and that he could depart at once!" How these boys must have enjoyed seeing the High Brass dusted off by a fat old Dutch woman whose heart was distinctly in the right place. As I have noted, George Merryweather was only sixteen. Many a lad of his age had chalked the figure eighteen on the soles of his shoes, gone before the recruiting officer and sworn that he "was over 18."

The Union lines extended three miles along Cemetery Ridge. At the southern end of the ridge, two miles from the Cemetery, was a steep hill, 600 feet high, locally known as Round Top; it was covered with timber to the summit. A short distance north of Round Top was a smaller hill called Little Round Top, bold and rocky, 300 feet high. Five hundred yards due west of Little Round Top, a bold rocky height, (the north extremity full of rocks) was Devil's Den.

On the morning of July 2, General Lee had good reason to be confident. General Ewell had decisively defeated the advance units of the Federal Army, had captured the town of Gettysburg, and taken thousands of prisoners. He knew the Federal Army was exhausted by forced marches in the mid-summer heat and that its morale was low.

Lee now determined to attack the Federal left flank with Longstreet's Corps and directed Ewell, when he heard Longstreet's guns, to make a diversion on the enemy right flank and turn the attack into a real assault if opportunity offered. Ewell, it will be recalled, had failed to take Cemetery Hill after the Federal advance forces had been driven through Gettysburg.

Jackson was dead in the forefront of battle. "I know not how to replace him," Lee wrote his wife. In the reorganization of the army, General Lee selected General Richard Ewell to command Jackson's old Corps. General Ewell had lost a leg at the battle of Groveton the summer before and was now able to walk with a wooden leg for the first time. He was forty-six years old, odd-looking, profane and quick tempered, but generous and kindly. He considered Stonewall mad, and once remarked that whenever he saw one of Jackson's couriers dashing up to headquarters, he expected an order to storm the North Pole. Of course, the shock of his amputation must have lowered his vitality and to some extent, impaired his judgment. "Jackson's speed,

daring and discipline," says Douglas Freeman, the great biographer of Lee, "were lost." Ewell had always had most explicit orders when serving under Jackson and was undecided what to do when Lee ordered him to storm Cemetery Hill "if practicable."

There has been much controversy concerning General Lee's strategy at Gettysburg, and some criticism. But it must be remembered that the Confederate Army had been recently reorganized, with new commanders who were strangers to their men and vice versa; furthermore, Lee's battle line was very long and communication between the wings was long and difficult with a small staff.

On the morning of July 2, the situation of the Union Army was well nigh desperate. General Sickles, in disregard of Meade's orders, had posted his men far out in front of the Federal lines on Cemetery Ridge—his center three-fourths of a mile in advance of his supports, thus causing a dangerous salient. The Union lines were thin and much extended, their concentration still not complete because of the torrid weather.

On the afternoon of July 2, General Warren, Meade's Chief of Engineers, rode to the top of Little Round Top and established a signal station on the summit. This hill was the key to the battlefield and not a Union soldier in sight to defend it! Once the Confederates occupied it, they could enfilade the whole length of Cemetery Ridge. Warren saw a Confederate column moving out from Devil's Den and marching straight for the vital hill! Help, however, was at hand; the old 5th Corps which had so gallantly covered the Union retreat at Bull Run, came in sight 400 yards away, advancing with all speed; a savage fight now took place; in an hour the Corps had lost 2000 men; the hill was held, but at a terrible cost.

A bloody, hand-to-hand struggle left the two Round Tops in possession of the Federals. The enemy still clung to the woods and rocks at the base of Round Top. General Meade, busy bringing reinforcements forward, had his horse, old "Baldy," shot under him. When darkness fell, the Confederates held the foot of both Round Tops, Devil's Den and its surrounding woods, and had possession of ridges on the Emmitsburg road through the valley, which gave excellent positions for the Confederate guns. There had been partial success at both left and center; reinforcements had come up.

All through the Gettysburg campaign, Lee and Longstreet, his senior infantry commander, had differed regarding the strategy to be employed. Longstreet, a stubborn and opinionated commander, favored a defensive policy—taking a good position and letting the enemy do the attacking. On the other hand, Lee was in favor of a direct

attack. He was in an enemy country, far from his base of supplies. His men were well fed and rested and jubilant over yesterday's victory. They were victors on many a hard-fought field; Lee loved them and believed them to be invincible. But Longstreet was obdurate; he urged General Lee to adopt his plan to move to the right and thus flank the Federal Army out of its strong position on Cemetery Ridge. This movement would place the Confederate Army on the road to Washington and between the Federal Army and the capital.

"I was much disappointed," said Longstreet, "when he (Lee) came to see me on the morning of the 3rd and directed that I should renew the attack against Cemetery Hill—probably the strongest point of the Federal line. I stated to Gen. Lee that I had been examining the ground and was much inclined to think that the best thing was to move to the Federal left."

"No," he said, "I am going to take them where they are—I want you to take Pickett's division and make the attack."

Longstreet sulks and delays; this is evident by the fact that it took him from daylight until 4 P.M. on July 2 to move his troops four miles and get them in position for assault. Meanwhile, the scattered divisions of the Union Army were coming in from the south and building up the long thin battle-line on Cemetery Ridge. It is easy to sit back and criticize the strategy of a battle that was fought ninety years ago. Perhaps the loss of the battle was due in some measure to General Lee's easygoing nature. He was essentially a gentleman; bickering and argument were repugnant to his feelings. Meanwhile, during all this delay the Union Army was growing hour by hour. Had Stonewall Jackson been in command of the Confederate Army, one brief, sharp order would have been given Longstreet, "Get in there and fight," but I believe that dyspeptic Deacon of the Presbyterian Church would not have used the words "like hell!"

On the morning of July 3, Lee came to a decision. He could not stay where he was on account of lack of supplies of food and ammunition; attacks on both wings of the Federal Army had failed. He would send his veteran divisions straight at the center of the Union lines on Cemetery Ridge. Reinforcements had come, and he had an abundance of artillery (150 guns) to protect attacking infantry. The objective of the assault was a small grove of chestnut oaks on Cemetery Ridge, locally known as "Ziegler's Grove." The artillery was to cover the assault by a massed bombardment of the enemy's position; infantry not to start until the guns had silenced the enemy batteries.

During the morning both armies lay quiet under a blazing sun until noon. Shortly before 2 P.M. a shell from the Confederate Whitworth

gun (made in England) shrieked across the valley; it was the signal for the opening of the battle. The Confederate guns on Seminary Ridge covered a mile and a half of ground. From Seminary Ridge to the little grove of chestnut oaks on Cemetery Ridge the distance was 1½ miles. "The hour cometh," saith the Scripture, "and now is."

General Lee formed his assaulting columns. It was a sweet and smiling valley across which the Confederate columns were to pass—violets and daisies among the green clover, field after field of ripening grain. It was harvest time, with Death the Grim Reaper.

Pickett's Division of Virginians—15,000 men with a front of 500 yards was to lead the way, supported on the right and left by Pettigrew's and Wilcox's divisions. They were the flower of Lee's army. The attacking force extended over a mile.

George Edward Pickett, commander of the assaulting column, rode out from the line. He was a picturesque and gallant figure with his long yellow curls hanging down to his shoulders, his cap on one side of his head, a brigadier general at thirty-eight. This was the critical hour. Success or failure, each hung by a thread. General Pickett had had a colorful life, was appointed to West Point from Illinois when he was only seventeen years old, his sponsor being a distinguished lawyer of the Illinois Bar—one Abraham Lincoln. General Pickett—like so many boys of his time—had had insufficient preparation and graduated last in his class at West Point; the General, however poor he may have been with the pen, did much better with the sword. He was cited for gallant conduct in the Mexican War; and when he looked into the grim faces of his veterans, he knew that wherever he went, they would go also. The roar of the guns had ceased.

It was a typical mid-summer afternoon. Down the long gray lines the blood-red battle flags scarcely stirred on their staffs.

As we look upon the jaunty figure of the young commander, Kipling's stirring battle lines come to mind.

The word—the word is mine
When the order moves the line
And the lean, locked ranks
Go roaring down to die.

His (Pickett's brigades) lost their formation, says an eye witness, as they swept across the Emmitsburg Road. They pushed on toward the crest to merge into one crowding, rushing line many ranks deep. By an undulation of ground the rapid advance of the dense line of Confederates was, for a moment, lost to view; an instant after, they seemed to rise out of the earth and so near that the expression on

their faces was distinctly seen. Every foot of ground was occupied by men in mortal combat.

"It was arranged," said General Alexander, Lee's Chief of Artillery, "that I was to observe the fire and give Pickett the order to charge. The enemy's fire suddenly began to slacken, and the guns in the Cemetery limbered up and vacated the position. I wrote to Pickett, 'For God's sake, come quick, come quick or my ammunition won't let me support you properly.' " This recalls a somewhat similar note written many years after Gettysburg by a distinguished cavalry officer, General George A. Custer, at the battle of The Little Big Horn: "Benteen, for God's sake come quick, big village, bring packs."

In the gray of early dawn Pickett and his veteran division commander, Armistead, were talking over the coming assault. Armistead turned to Pickett and pulling a ring from his finger, said, "Give this to her, George, please, with my love." Pickett had recently become engaged to one of the most beautiful young women in Virginia, LaSalle Corbell.

When formations were completed, "Pickett rode to my headquarters," said General Longstreet, "and asked me if the time for his advance had come. Pickett said, 'Old Peter,' [*Longstreet's nickname*] laying his hand over mine and I said, 'I know, George, I know, but I can't do it, boy. Alexander will give the order.' "

A philosopher of the Ancient World (Aristotle, I think it was) once said that in every great tragedy there are two elements—awe and pity. We believe that there was little else than awe and pity in the hearts of those Union soldiers crouching behind boulders and stone fences along the slopes of Cemetery Ridge as they looked upon the most magnificent military pageant their eyes would ever see. Forty paces to the front rode an unseen horseman, the shadowy figure of Sacrifice. A mile long gray battle-line with nineteen blood-red flags above it moves down the slope of Seminary Ridge as though on dress parade; from the Ridge to the Union lines, one mile, the attacking force will have to descend one ridge, cross a valley and ascend another ridge. One hundred guns are registered on that valley, there is no cover; they must face a terrific artillery fire of shells, then canister as the range grows shorter, then concentrated rifle fire as the charging lines approach the crest of Cemetery Ridge. It seems like madness, like Fredericksburg reversed. The grandeur and majesty of that scene still stir the heart after ninety years have come and gone, leaving memories of Parsifal and the Knights of the Holy Grail marching to prayer.

Kemper's Confederate Brigade on the extreme right is suffering

greatly from the flanking fire of two Vermont regiments; men fire into each other's faces, not five feet apart. There are bayonet thrusts, saber strokes, pistol shots, yells, curses. "Take them on the flanks," orders General Stannard. The 13th and 16th Vermont regiments move forward and pour a deadly volley into the backs of the Confederate troops. They rush on to drive home the bayonet; the Confederate lines waver; thousands throw down their arms.

Now on come the battle-lines; shells tear great gaps through them, dead and dying men are everywhere, the wheat stubble is red, still the same measured advance, rifles at right shoulder. Now the big guns shift to canister and grape and a blast of rifle fire comes from the Union line; it seems a miracle that flesh and blood could face that storm of steel. The men mount the slope, double time is now the order. Two hundred and fifty yards to the crest; 100 yards to the hastily built up wall. One hundred yards! Many men have run that distance in ten seconds, but these charging men are exhausted from the heat, the steep climb and excitement. "Fire!" comes the command, and the gray line opens fire for the first time. Only twenty-five yards to the crest! The Union riflemen behind the wall see through the smoke the fierce bearded faces, the glittering bayonets of their foes.

Twenty-five yards to go, but the disciplined ranks are becoming a disorganized mass. General Armistead who has led his division, his cap on the point of his sword, is over the wall, but his cap is now down to the hilt of his waving sword. He reaches the crest and falls dead, his hand on a Union gun. General Doubleday orders Stannard's Vermont Brigade to charge Pickett's right flank. Pickett's supports fail him. Two of Stannard's Vermont regiments again charge Pickett's demoralized flank. The remaining handful fling down their arms, some flee. The Confederate lines become a confused mass of struggling men, fighting hand-to-hand. Oh, for a supporting wave of infantry and the crest would be won, but there were no supports. The attack has failed, the survivors sullenly fall back down the slope. Two-thirds of Pickett's men lay dead or mortally wounded.

"During Pickett's charge," says the historian of the 13th Vermont Volunteers, "Gen. George J. Stannard ordered the Brigade to 'Change front forward on first company'; this brought his Brigade on Pickett's flank at short range, their fire killed a thousand of Pickett's men in 20 minutes. We captured nearly all that survived of Pickett's Division. Distinguished officers of both armies who witnessed Pickett's charge, gave the credit to Gen. Stannard and the Vermonters in saving the day." General Stannard was severely wounded in this attack. General orders direct that on the flags of each of the regiments of Stannard's

Brigade be inscribed the word "Gettysburg." Long years after the war, General Lee said, "If I had had Stonewall Jackson with me, I would have won the Battle of Gettysburg." General Meade might well have said, "Without the Vermont Brigades, I would have lost the Battle of Gettysburg."

Pickett's charge at Gettysburg has gone down in history as the high light of the battle, but there was another charge made in that battle, little known perhaps, almost forgotten, but fully equal in courage, in discipline, in headlong valor, in sacrifice, to Pickett's immortal assault. This charge, known as Farnsworth's charge, was made by units of a famous regiment, the 1st Vermont Cavalry.

It was near 4 o'clock, Pickett's charge had failed; his men streamed back in demoralized fragments toward their own lines, when it appeared that Pickett's charge had been crushed. General Judson Kilpatrick, commanding the Union Cavalry Corps—hard-riding, hard-eyed, hard-boiled "Little Kil," sent his 1st Brigade, under General Farnsworth on a charge through the infantry detachments still clinging to their positions on the Confederate right flank.

The 1st Vermont was one of the crack regiments of the Union Cavalry; its record was impressive, a 12-company regiment of 1200 men. Four months after Bull Run it was mustered into the U. S. Service. The men were mounted on Morgan horses, horses strong of bone from the Vermont limestone ridges on which they had grazed; strong in courage from the high hills where they had been born. The regiment fought all through the war and was still fighting at Appomattox Court House when Lee surrendered. A part of the regiment rode with Ulric Dahlgren in his famous raid upon Richmond which cost him his life; it was at Yellow Tavern where Jeb Stuart was killed. Three medals were awarded it for gallant service.

The 1st Vermont Cavalry charge started about 5 P.M. on the last day of the battle. As General Farnsworth rode to the front of the Vermont line to lead that mad charge, the memory of a small prayer might have come to his mind: "A short life in the saddle—Lord, not a long life by the fire."

John W. Bennett, Lieut. Col. of the 1st Vermont Cavalry, said at the dedication of the monument to Major Wells at Gettysburg: "Gen. Farnsworth said (to me): 'Major, I do not see the slightest chance for a successful charge.' " Later on, at General Kilpatrick's headquarters, General Farnsworth reviewed the situation which did not look promising. General Kilpatrick said: "Well, somebody can charge." Farnsworth's lips instantly turned white, and he replied: "If anybody can charge, we can, sir." Col. Bennett adds: "My recollection is that Gen. Farnsworth with Major Wells at his side led

the column (about 120 men) as it swung into the open field, swept by shot and shell."

It brings back memories of Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade,"

Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred.

At Gettysburg the 1st Vermont Cavalry detachment charged nearly a mile into the enemy lines, receiving the fire of five regiments of infantry and two batteries, leaving its leader dead within the enemy lines—the only general officer so to die. "The behavior of the horses was admirable," said Capt. Parsons of the 1st Vermont Cavalry, "never refusing a fence, they carried their riders over rocks, fallen timber and fences that the boldest hunter would hardly attempt today."

Major William Wells became Maj. Gen. William Wells and received more promotions than any other Vermont soldier during the war. Major Wells led his men in fifty engagements and as brigade and division commander, in eighteen others. A few days after his memorable charge at Gettysburg, he was wounded by a saber cut; on Sept. 6 he was again wounded by a shell.

At the grand Review of the Army of the Potomac in Washington, May, 1865, General Wells led the advance of the Cavalry Corps—a fitting tribute to Vermont's great soldier.

There is a monument to General Wells, in Battery Park in the city of Burlington. The age of this veteran warrior was just twenty-three! The Civil War, however, produced other notable youthful commanders. Captain Henry Kyd Douglas, the youngest member on Stonewall Jackson's staff, was twenty-two, as was also Lieut. Bennett H. Young of the 8th Kentucky Cavalry, who led the raid on St. Albans in 1864, causing great consternation in that little city and severe financial loss—the raiders carrying off some $200,000 taken from three banks.

Major Wells twice told General Farnsworth that the charge ought not to be made. No more gallant or desperate charge took place during the war. Riding over stone walls, fences and rocks and through woods, cutting through and riding down the Confederate skirmishers, the men came under heavy rifle and artillery fire. Recoiling from this fire with heavy loss, they turned to their left and rear, and were repulsed.

The Confederate General Robertson in his memorial address said, "All who know the ground over which 2 battalions of your regiment

were ordered to charge must conclude that starting your comrades unsupported on such a charge was an inexcusable military blunder. Ground thickly strewn with granite boulders, thickly studded with trees, and covered with undergrowth, your comrades had to advance upon trained Confederate soldiers over ground where it was impossible to keep an alignment and upon an enemy skilled in the use of rifles and taking advantage of cover."

The great struggle at Gettysburg was over, the armies gone, only the dead remained.

Perhaps from these young men, untimely dead, there might have come another Turner and a hillside of crimson glory awaiting in the stillness the white robe of Death; another Whistler, and the face of a beloved Mother, coming out of the shadows of Time, serene, sweet, patient, with all the subtle sorrow of old age; another Thoreau, lover of all wild things; another Lincoln, writing another immortal Gettysburg Address.

These lads lie in the tangled undergrowth of the Wilderness; in the swamps of the Chickahominy where the mockingbirds sing in the moonlight; along the sunken road at Antietam; upon the ridge of Gettysburg. They gave up the little things of their brief lives—God's happy gifts. Never again would they walk down the village street in the summer dusk, hand in hand with some fair-haired girl; never again steal through a golden woodland with ready gun and ear alert for the whirring partridge; never again walk up the narrow, drifted road and see, from the hilltop, the light in the kitchen window, shining out across the snow.

Look at the Civil War monuments on many a Vermont village green; at their top the Union soldier with pancake forage cap, musket, bayonet and military cape. On the sides of these monuments are the names of the young men who perished in the flaming inferno of the Wilderness or fell in glory at the foot of Marye's Heights at Fredericksburg. Such is the tragedy of war!

The Civil War was fought by young men,—young men, who

Poured out the wild, sweet wine of Youth,
Gave up the Life to be.

Young men who

Gave their golden youth away,
For Country and for God.

O Vermont Soldiers of Long Ago, wherever you may lie, *Requiescat in pace*—rest in peace, the Peace that passeth understanding.

May the lines of a great poet be your Requiem!

When Earth's last picture is painted,
And the tubes are twisted and dried,
We shall rest—and faith we shall need it,
Lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen
Shall put us to work—anew."

May these words of the greatest soldier of our day remain forever upon the altar of our hearts!

Only those are fit to live
Who are not afraid to die.

THE COBB MANUSCRIPT OF READING, VERMONT

By Helen Hartness Flanders

The old ballads, sung and loved for generations, do not, at first glance, seem to have much appeal, but there is probably no more rewarding phase of modern historical research than that which gathers from far and near the ballads and their stories. Tragedy and comedy, gleams of old incidents seen through the veil of years, sounds of vanished laughter and the silences of old sorrows, vision and faith, too—all these and more are hidden in the old ballads. Mrs. Flanders has won an international reputation on the basis of her impressive research in that most fascinating field. Editor.

Dr. Arthur Wallace Peach, Director of the Vermont Historical Society, in 1930 was Chairman of the Committee on Traditions and Ideals of the Vermont Commission on Country Life. As a member of this group of Vermont writers, my assignment was to recover in our state the old songs learned by ear from earlier generations. Shortly, I was going about finding folk-hymns, game songs, early pioneer happenings as well as long stories in strange tunes that migrated from overseas with early settlers. Vermonters who had this particular form of antiques were glad to share it, that it be preserved, and known to many other Vermonters.

My colleague, Mr. George Brown, now of the faculty of the Yale School of Music, went about southern Vermont during a month of summer days. The most entertaining and historically valuable items from our joint collecting were published in June 1931 as *Vermont Folksongs and Ballads*, No. 1 of the *Green Mountain Series*, edited by Dr. Peach. Two editions were issued before the Stephen Daye Press moved from Brattleboro, Vermont to Brooklyn, New York. The book is a collector's item, seldom available from dealers in old books.

The work of the Committee ended in 1935, but our book had brought about a far-flung correspondence from ex-Vermonters whose memories had been jogged as well as from home-folks within the state. I became the focal point for very valuable, very human material. I should continue its preservation.

Ballads know no state lines. I limited myself eventually to all six New England States and upper New York State. At present the

Flanders Ballad Collection of over 8000 items is the possession of Middlebury College, a cumulative gift since 1941.

I could not avoid being "educated" in my collecting and giving first-hand experience in the ballads. To many parts of New England I brought singers who, transplanted to this or that platform, still sang the traditional ballads as they had learned them from forebears, from some itinerant or in some lumber camp (where there is the richest of song-swapping). Elmer George (now deceased) of North Montpelier sang when I spoke at the National Folk Festival in St. Louis, Missouri. His expenses and fee were paid by the owner of the St. Louis *Post*. At Paine Hall, Harvard University, I had five singers from New England for two consecutive evenings of a chronological program. At the Library of Congress in 1948 when three singers came from northern New England, an overflow audience of 200 heard the lecture by microphone. See what Dr. Peach set in motion!

Between 1932 and 1941 four other books made available songs of especial interest from the growing Vermont collection: *A Garland of Green Mountain Song* (Vermont Historical Society), *Country Songs from Vermont* (G. Schirmer, Inc., New York), *The New Green Mountain Songster* (Yale University Press), *Vermont Chapbook* (Middlebury Press, Middlebury, Vermont). The last without tunes. A forthcoming volume will be *Ballad Migrants in New England* (Farrar, Straus, and Young, New York) $6.

Mechanical recordings give not only words and tunes but the manner in which the songs were traditionally sung. In preparation are long-playing records in most demand, according to their use in colleges and post-graduate schools.

But not only recordings preserve these treasures. Hand-written verses found in cook-books, diaries, ledgers, and copybooks, have added to the store. Often they have been given to the Flanders Collection; often we have had permission for photostating some family possession.

In Reading, Vermont, some twenty years ago, I made a momentous discovery. Mr. Don Hawkins, (now deceased) was showing me his suitcase, full of square-dance music handed down from father to son. I've forgotten what instrument the old gentleman played, but I gathered from him that in the town were other suitcases containing member-parts of the dance music. Young and old had danced to such regional compositions as "Reading Fancy," "Woodstock Quickstep," "Allen's Waltz," (Allen was a local musician), "Hartland Three Corners, (March 26, 1855)" "Brattleboro Quickstep," and "Bush Hill Polka."

Mrs. Hawkins left the room murmuring something about a book left by a relative. She returned with a most amazing compilation. It was a heavy, calf-bound book, with hand-penned scroll decorations, entitled *Universal Musician*, Vol. I, by C. M. Cobb, 1849–50. [Now in the possession of the Vermont Historical Society, Montpelier, Vermont.] She had saved it from a bonfire of his papers in the yard after his death "because he had put so much work into it." Work, indeed! Six hundred pages of closely penned stanzas and music-notation could have involved a lifetime. Where did he find time for such meticulous musicianship? Painstaking, it seems written at times in a gathering momentum of excitement. Much must have been set down from memory. In black ink Mr. Cobb transcribed all he knew of a ballad. A tune was written where a margin gave space. Another song comes to mind. This he sets down in red ink between the lines in black ink. Another group of stanzas is crowded into another small section of the page, every word readable though in miniature letters. Words are packed "every which ways."

He lists his schedule as itinerant teacher and leader of a dance orchestra that takes him as far afield as Gloucester, Massachusetts. One page contains names of all his pupils in District 2 and District 4, in 1847. Whole sections are devoted to part-music for "Band of Eight," or "Band of Twelve" or "Cotillions of Six Parts." He quotes entire poems by Eastman, Burns and Moore; lists contemporary famous singers. He gives a "Political Table of Popular and Electoral Votes for President" in electoral years from 1836 through 1848. Further on come dated weather conditions and temperature readings of Florida and Boston. Seemingly at top speed under "Sacred Music Section" he runs into the fiddle tune, "Hey Dance to the Fiddle and Tabor."

He writes "This volume which appears so like a great bible is only a Music Book." He seems infallible, so infallible that when he lists "De Blue Tail Fly" on a certain page and it is not there, I doubt my eyes.

But what do we find? A great spread of what was currently sung a hundred years ago. We have a burlesqued version of "On Springfield Mountain" with its tune.

ON SPRINGFIELD MOUNTAIN

[*I quote from the Cobb Manuscript. H.H.F.*]

On Springfield Mountain there did dwell,
A comely youth, tis known full we-o-al
Ri - tu - di - nu Di - nu - ni - na
Ri - tu - di - nu Ri - tu - de - na.
(*repeat last two lines in each verse*)

One day this youth, he did gow
Down in the meadow, for to mow-o-mow

Before he'd mow'd half o'er the feeld
A pesky sarpent, bit his he-o-eel

He rais'd his Scythe, and with a blow,
He laid the pesky sarpent low-o-wow

He took the sarpent, in his hand,
And straight he ran to Molly Bla-o-and

Now Molly had, a ruby lip,
With which the poison she did si-o-ip

She also had a rotten Tuth,
In which it stuck and killed them bo-o-uth

Now when they saw, that they were dead,
They laid them both upon one be-o-ed

And all the neighbors, far and near
Did mourn because they ware so De-o-eer

And when this youth, gave up the ghost,
To Abram's bosom it went pow-wo-wost

Now all ye lovers, warning ta-ke,
From Molly Bland and Tommy Bla-ake

And now in future, pray don't pass
Too near those patches of high gra-o-ass

Mr. S. Foster Damon published the earliest known stanza devoted to the tragedy. Lieut. Thomas Myrick's only son Timothy was killed by a rattlesnake on August 7, 1761, at Springfield Mountain (now Wilbraham), Massachusetts. Joseph Fisk's versified version was published in *Ten Year's Almanac* (n.p. 1765) 35 under the date 1761.

At SPRINGFIELD Mountains there was one,
Bit by a Rattle-snake alone,

This poor Man he to Death did yield,
As he went home died in the Field,

He call'd for Help but none did go,
'Til Death did prove his Overthrow.

And all the Jury did agree,
His Leg was bitten as they could see.

[Copied from *THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLKLORE*, Vol. 59, Oct.–Dec., 1946, No. 234, pps. 530–31.]

We have "The Old Man's Will." (See later page) This is said to have been written by John Secomb detailing a bequest of Mathew Abdy, bedmaker and sweeper at Harvard College in 1718. It was soon in folk circulation and is found infrequently now in New England,

usually to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Not so, its tune was transcribed by Mr. Cobb—which fact leads me to wonder if his is the oldest tune for it.

"Brave Wolfe" is seemingly complete, as known shortly after the Battle on the Plains of Abraham. It has this verse:

Love, here's a ring of gold
'Tis long that I have kept it
My dear now for my sake
I pray you to accept it.

This closely resembles lines in a ballad preserved by Samuel Pepys: "The Unconstant Maiden or the Forsaken Young Man" which shows how a Devonshire damsel "Marry'd another while her lover was come to London, to his great grief" and reads:

Here is a ring of gold. My dear, accept it.
'Tis for your sake alone, long have I kept it.

Mr. Cobb knew two gay, uninhibited dialogue-songs: "Barney, Leave the Girls Alone," and "A Cobler Lived at York." Other lively stage-type songs were a burlesqued form of "All 'Round My Hat I Will Wear a Green Willow," "Jerry-Go-Nimble," "Billy O'Rourke," "Betsey Baker," and "The Striped Pig." A broadside of this latter song secured elsewhere shows a robustly striped pig with the words "Where he had brandy, gin and wine, and Piggy in the centre."

Mr. Cobb included what people sang about certain events in history. One, "The Battle of the Kegs," involves Sir William Howe in "Philadelphia City" during the Revolutionary War. About this we learn from a broadside printed by Ashbel Stoddard, Hudson, New York, around 1827–1829:

THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS

A Song

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By the Hon. Francis Hopkinson.

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David Bushnell, A. M. of Saybrook, in Connecticut, invented several machines for the annoyance of shipping; these from accidents, not militating against the philosophical principles on which their success depended, only partially succeeded. He destroyed a vessel in the charge of Commodore Symonds, whose report to the Admiral was published. One of his kegs also demolished a vessel near Long Island shore. About Christmas 1777, he committed to the Delaware a number of kegs, destined to fall among the British fleet at Philadelphia; but his squadron of kegs, having been separated and retarded by the ice, demolished but a single boat. This catastrophe,

however, produced an alarm, unprecedented in its nature and degree; which has been so happily described in the subsequent song, by the Hon. Francis Hopkinson, that the event it celebrates will not be forgotten, so long as mankind shall continue to be delighted with works of humor and taste."

Other commemorative songs are: "Gumpowder Tea," "The Battle of Niagara," "Perry's Victory," "Robert Kidd," and "The Grave of Buonaparte."

This book has genuine personality. Had this book gone up in flames, so would have passed the heart and soul of an itinerant musician and ballad-monger.

BALLADS

1. THE OLD MAN'S WILL

To my dear wife my joy & life
I freely now do give her
My whole estate with all my plate
Being just about to leave her.

1 tub of soap a long cart rope
A frying pan and kettle
An ashen pail a threshing flail
An iron wedge & beetle.

2 painted chairs 9 warden pairs
A large old dripping platter
My bed of hay on which I lay
An old sauce pan for butter

A little mug a 2 quart jug
A bottle full of brandy
A looking glass to see your face
You'll find it very handy.

A musket true as ever flew
A pound of shot & wallet
My leather sash & calabash
My powder horn & bullet.

An old sword blade a garden blade
A hoe, a rake, a ladder
A wooden can, a close stool pan
A clyster pipe and bladder

A greasy hat an old black cat
A yard and a half of linen
A woolen fleece, a pot of grease
In order for your spinning

A small tooth comb & ashen broom
A candle-stick & hatchet
A coverlid striped down with red
And bag of rags to patch it

A ragged mat one tub of fat
A book put out by Bunyan
Another book by Robin Rook
And a skein or two of spun yarn

An old black muff some garden stuff
A quantity of burrage
Some Devil's weed & burdock seed
Season well your porridge

A chafing dish with 1 salt fish
And if I'm not mistaken
A leg of pork a broken fork
A half a flitch of bacon

A spinning wheel, 1 peck of meal
A knife without a handle,
A rusty lamp, 2 quarts of samp;
And half a tallow candle

My poach & pipes, 2 oxen stripes
An oaken dish well carved,
My little dog & spotted hog,
And 2 small pigs just starved

This is my store, I have no more,
I freely now do give it;
My years are spun my days are done,
And so I think I'll leave it.

2. BRAVE WOLFE

Cheer up my young men all
Let nothing fright you
Though oft objections rise
Let it delight you

Let not your fancy move
Whene'er it comes to trial
Nor let your courage fail
At the first denial

I sat down by my love
Thinking that I woed her
I sat down by my love
But sure not to delude her

But when I go to speak
My tongue it doth so quiver
I dare not speak my mind
Whenever I am with her

Love here's a ring of gold
'Tis long that I have kept it
My dear now for my sake
I pray you to accept it

When you the posy read
Pray think upon the giver
My dear remember me
Or I'm undone forever

Then Wolfe he took his leave
Of his most lovely jewel
Although it seemed to be
To him an act most cruel

Although its for a space
I'm forced to leave my dove
My dear Where'er I rove
I'll n'eer forget my love

So then this valiant youth
Embarked on the ocean
To free America
From factions dire commotion

He landed at Quebec
Being all brave and hearty
The city to attach
With his most gallant party

Then Wolfe drew up his men
In rank and file so pretty
In double number there
Resolved for to beat them

A distance from the town
The noble French did meet them
In double number there
Resolved for to beat them

Montcalm and this brave youth
Together they were walking
So well do they agree
Like brothers they are talking

Then each one to his post
As they do now retire
Oh then their numerous hosts
Began their dreadful fire

That instant from his horse
Fell this most noble hero
May we lament his loss
In words of deepest sorrow

The French are seen to break
Their columns are all flying
Then Wolfe he seemed to wake
Tho in the act of dying

And lifted up his head
The drums did sound and rattle
And to his army said
I pray how goes the battle

His aid-de-camp replied
Brave General 'tis in our favor
Quebec and all her pride
Tis nothing now can save her

She falls into our hands
With all her wealth and treasure
Oh, then Brave Wolfe replied
I quit the world with pleasure.

[*1 and 2 are in the Cobb Manuscript. Ed.*]

3. THE STRIPED PIG

In Dedham just now, they'd a very great muster
Which collected the people all up in a cluster;
And a terrible time,—and what do you think,
To find out the way to get something to drink.
Ritu di nu &c

A Yankee came in with a real nutmeg brand,
Who has sold wooden clocks throughout all the land;
And he hit on a plan a little bit slicker,
By which he could furnish these soldiers with liquor
Ritu, di nu &c

They wouldn't allow him to sell by the mug,
Unless he could furnish a 15 gallon jug;
And as folks wouldn't drink in a measure so big,
He got out a license to show a striped pig.
Ritu &c

He tho't he'd go snacks with the 4 legged brute,
That belongs to the genus that knows how to root;
This fellow was taught no doubt by the devil,
The way to get at the root of all evil.
Ritu &c

In the sham fight there was a great slaughter
And them that survived it they couldn't get water
For those that had wells for a quart ax'd a quarter
Which was a darn'd sight more than they ever had orter'.
Ritu &c

A Doctor who was in search of a job,
Called in to examine the state of the case.
Disease in the optics he could descry,
For each one that went in, had a stye in his eye.
Ritu &c

A sailor came up under full sail,
Who said he'd chawed oakum in many a gale
He gave the porker a boisterous hail,
And ax'd for a quid of his pig tail.
Ritu &c

A wealthy distiller next looked in,
To see how they turned their grain into gin
He drily remarked after drinking his fill
Twas a queer way of working the worm of a still.

A farmer who'd raised pork for many a year
And whose exper'ence in pork was clear—remarked
That he'd a good stock of the 5 field breed
But such a striped pig, he never had seed.

The sign at the tent—"Striped Pig to be seen"
The wonder of Dedham, the 4 legged brute
A 4 penny bit they paid to go in
Which piggy gave back in his brandy & gin.

Tho' temperance men they felt rather sore
They tho't the Striped Pig was a very great bore
But they told the keeper they no longer would rail
If he'd rig out his pig with a temperance tail.
Ritu &c

The folks at the muster they all agreed
That this was the pig for crossing the breed
For he left his mark on ev'ry biped
That went in sober & came out striped.
Ritu &c

4. CAPT. ROBERT KIDD

(Not worth a snap & older than the D—l at that)

1 Ye captains brave and bold hear our cries, hear our cries
" " " " " " " "
" " " " " with courage uncontroll'd
Dont for the sake of gold lose your souls lose your souls
" " " " " " " " "

2 My name was Robert Kidd when I sail'd when I saild
" " " " " " " "
" " " " " God's laws I did forbid
And so wickedly I did as I sail'd as I saild
" " " " " " " "

3 My parents taught me well when I sail'd when I saild
" " " " " " " "
" " " " " to shun the gates of hell
But 'gainst them I did rebel when I saild when I sail'd
" " " " " " " " "

4 I cursed my father dear as I sail'd as I sail'd
" " " " " " " "
" " " " " and her that did me bear
And so wickedly did swear when I sail'd, when I sail'd
" " " " " " " "

5 I made a solemn vow when I sail'd when I sail'd
" " " " " " " "
" " " " " " to God I would not bow
Nor myself one prayer allow as I sail'd, as I sail'd
" " " " " " " " "

6 Id a bible in my hand when I sail'd when I sail'd
" " " " " " " " "
" " " " " " by my father's great command
But I sunk it in the sand &c (to the end of this line)
" " " " " " " as I sail'd

7 I murdered William Moore &c (twice)
" " " " &c
I murdered " " and left him in his gore
Not many leagues from shore as &c as &c
" " " " " " "

8 And being cruel still as &c, as &c,
" " " " " "
" " " " my gunner I did kill
" his precious blood did spill as &c as &c
" " " " " " " "

9 My mate took sick & died as &c as &c
" " " " " " " "
" " " " " " which me much terrified
When he call'd me to his bedside as &c as &c
" " " " " " " " "

10 And unto me did say see me die see &c
" " " " " " " "
" " " " " take warning now I pray
There'll come a reck'ning day you must die you &c
" " " " " " " " "

11 You cannot then withstand when you die when &c
" " " " " " "
" " " " the judgements of God's hand
But bound in iron bands you must &c you &c
" " " " " " " "

12 I was sick & nigh to death as &c as &c
" " " " " " " " "
" " " " " " " & vowed at every breath
To walk in wisdom's ways as &c as &c
" " " " " " "

13 I thought I was undone as &c as &c
" " " " " " "
" " " " " that my wicked glass was run
But health did soon return &c (2)
" " " " " " (1)

14 My repentance lasted not &c (2)
" " " " &c (1)
" " " " my vows I soon forgot
Damnation's my just lot &c
" " " " &c

15 I steer'd from sound to sound &c
" " " " " " &c
" " " " " " & many ships I found
And most of them I burn'd &c
" " " " " " &c

16 I spy'd 3 ships of France &c
" " " " " " &c
" " " " " " & to them I did advance
And took them all by chance &c
" " " " " " &c

17 I spy'd &c Spain &c
" " " " &c
" " " " & fired on them amain
Till most of them were slain &c
" " " " " " &c

18 Id 90 bars of gold &c
" " " " " &c
" " " " " & dollars manifold
With riches uncontroll'd &c
" " " &c

19 Then 14 ships I see &c
" " " " " "
" " " " " & all brave men they be
And they were to hard for me &c
" " " " " " "

20 Thus being o'ertaken at last I must die &c
" " " " " " " "
" " " " " & into prison cast
And sentence being past I must die &c
" " " " " " "

21 Farewell to the raging main for, I must die &c
" " " " " " " " "
" " " " " to Turkey France & Spain
I shall ne'er see you again for I must die &c
" " " " " " " " " "

22 To Newgate new Im cast & must die &c
" " " " " " " "
" " " " " with sad & heavy heart
To receive my just deserts I must die &c
" " " " " " " "

23 To Execution Dock I must go &c
" " " " " "
" " " will many thousands flock
But I must bear my shock & must die &c
" " " " " " " " "

24 Come all ye young & old see me die &c
" " " " " " " " "
" " " " " " youre welcome to my gold
For by it Ive lost my soul & must die &c
" " " " " " " " " "

25 Take warning now by me for I must die &c
" " " " " " " " "
" " " " " & shun bad company
Lest you come to HELL with me for I must die &c
" " " " " " " " " " "

5. A COBLER LIVED AT YORK

A Cobler lived at York
A merry man was he.
His wife in needle work
A good kind soul was she.
Easy as an old shoe
They passed their lives together.
All of a piece 'tis true
Like sole and upper leather.

(Spoken: They were a happy couple worked hard and never grumbled at the times or each other that's a rare thing in our days. While she nimbly employed the needle he hammered away at the lap stone and sung

Ran tan tan, &c

The Cobler bought a goose
And fattened it quite high
Somehow the bird got loose
The day it was to die
Here Pegs bawled out the wife
Run after the goose to win her
Goosie she ran for her life
But the Cobler ran after his dinner

(Spoken: Away he went and the boys after him calling out Now Cobler, now goose two to one on Peg Egad he almost caught her once when his foot slipped and headlong he went into the stye among a litter of pigs and only saved his bacon by leaving the tail of his coat in the old sow's grinders. But Pegs wasn't to be abashed he followed her through bush and briar bogs and quagmires over houses, trees, hedges, ditches, fields, cats, dogs, cocks, hens, cows, bulls, and pigs. At last he knocked down the stall of an old apple woman who sold hot dumplings. That made a rare scramble for the boys and what could they do but sing

Ran tan tan, &c

By the river he siezed her rump
But she got loose with a scream
He fell into the water plump
While goosie crossed the stream
So finding the chase no use

He went hom in a shiver
Told wifie he'd lost the goose
But got a fine duck in the river

(Spoken: Oh wife, wife, he cried I've had my morning's wet. The goose has gome a gander hunting. I was trown out and had a fair tumbling besides leaving half of my jacket in pawn in the piggery. My wild goose chase has turned out a duck but no green peas and as I am very wet you may as well hand us over a chop of

Ran tan tan, &c

6. BATTLE OF THE KEGS

1 Gallants attend and hear a friend
Trill forth harmonious ditty
Strange things I'll tell which late befel
In Philadelphia city
Twas early day as poets say
Just as the sun was rising
A soldier stood on log of wood
And saw a sight surprising

2 As in amaze he stood gaze
The truth can't be denied sirs
He spied a score of kegs, or more
Come floating down the tide sirs
A sailor too in jerkin blue
The strange appearance viewing
First dam'd his eyes in great surprise
Then said some mischiefs brewing

3 These kegs now hold the rebels bold
Packed up like pickled herring
And they're come down to attack the town
In this new way of ferrying
The soldier flew the sailor too
And, scared almost to death sirs
Wore out their shoes to spread the news
And ran till out of breath sirs

4 Now up and down throughout the town
Most frantic scenes were acted
And some ran here and some ran there
Like men almost distracted
Some fire cried which some denied
But said the earth had quaked
And girls and boys with hideous noise
Ran through the streets half naked

5 Sir William he snug as a flea † (Sir William Howe)
Lay all this time a snoring
Nor dream'd of harm as he lay warm
In bed with ———— Mrs Loring

Now in a fright he starts upright
Awaked by such a clatter
He rubs both eyes and boldly cries
For God's sake what's the matter

6 At his bedside he then espied
Sir Erskine at command sirs
Upon one foot he had one boot
And tother in his hand sirs
Arise-arise Sir Erskine cries ‡ (Sir Wm Erskine)
The rebels-more's the pity
Without a boat are all on float
And ranged before the city

7 The motley crew in vessels
With Satan for their guide sir
Pack'd up in bags and wooden kegs
Come driving down the tide sir
Therefore prepare for bloody war
These kegs must all be routed
Or surely we dispised shall be
And British valor doubted

8 The royal band now ready stand
All ranged in dread array sirs
With stomach stout to see it out
And make a bloody day sirs
The cannons roar from shore to shore
The small arms make a rattle
Since wars began Im sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle

9 The rebel vales, the rebel dales*
With rebel trees surrounded
The distant woods the hills and floods
With rebel echoes sounded
The fish below swam to and fro
Attack'd from every quarter
Why sure thought they the devil's to pay
Mongst folks above the water

10 The kegs 'tis said though strongly made
Of rebel staves and hoops sirs
Could not oppose their powerful foes
The conquering British troops sirs
From morn to night these men of might
Displayed amazing courage
And when the sun was fairly down
Retired to sup their porridge

11 A hundred men with each a pen
Or more upon my word sirs
It is most true would be too few
Their valour to record sirs

Such feats did they perform that day
Upon those wicked kegs sirs
That years to come if they get home
They'll make their boasts and brags sirs

[*3, 4, 5 and 6 are in the Woodstock Collection: Universal Musician. This manuscript is in the possession of the Vermont Historical Society. Ed.*]

A VERMONT SKETCHBOOK

I. THE FIRST NEWSPAPER IN BELLOWS FALLS, VERMONT

by FRANCES S. LOVELL

A local weekly paper, today, gives a good deal of space to what the local lady reporter calls "local items." Perhaps they didn't have lady reporters in 1818, but one paper at least of that time diligently refrained from such personal subjects. It may have used "all the news that's fit to print," but it left people's private lives carefully alone. The columns of the *Vermont Intelligencer* and *Bellows Falls Advertiser*, on January 5, 1818, then in its second year, covered such worthy subjects as a Morals Department wherein it delivered long sermons on the installment plan, by one Rev. Phinehas Cook; Agriculture, advising the farmer to use manure on his land; Politicks, relaying information from Congress and praying for a law to thwart kidnappers; Arts and Recipes—probably pronounced "receipts"—and suggesting a mixture of brassfilings, white-bean meal, and milk as a cure for mad-dog bite and aphorisms such as "Good manners is the art of making those easy with which we converse."

The *Vermont Intelligencer* was edited by Thomas Green Fessenden and owned and published each Monday by Bill Blake and Co. This was the first newspaper in the town of Rockingham, Vt., and ran for about seventeen years under various editors and is today a museum piece with its rough paper and blurry printing.

Thomas Green became a well-known writer on two continents. Probably he got his start in the columns of the *Intelligencer* when he published a long effusion called a "Poetical New Year's Address to the Readers of the *Intelligencer*." It filled four columns of the four-page paper and contained stanzas of seventy-three lines without a period! Bill Blake, who printed the paper, built his first paper-mill and the first in the vicinity, in 1799 near Alstead, N. H., which town was first called Paper Mill Village. In 1802, he built the first paper-mill in Rockingham, on the Connecticut River, and set about publishing a weekly paper. He did an extensive printing business and manufactured both writing and newspaper stock, sending out teams around the surrounding countryside to collect rags for his paper. With cloth as precious as it was in those days, it is marvellous that people discarded anything into their ragbags.

The *Intelligencer* was a firm adherent of the old Federal Party and strong on religion. In its columns the Rev. Phinehas Cook told in great detail how Acworth, N. H., "got religion" to such a degree that the schoolhouse was given over to meetings to the exclusion of the three R's. It became "a Bethel where God was worshipped morning, noon and night." So great was their fervor, so intense the conviction of their "lost condition" that 178 converts were gathered into the fold and thirty or forty more were deemed "fit subjects for the fellowship of the saints." Perhaps some of the wives used a little persuasion on backward husbands. We would call them revival meetings today, and probably Billy Sunday never had more success than was had in Acworth at the turn of that century.

Auctions have always been popular since anyone had anything to sell. In 1818, they were often called "Public Vendues," and they sound much like country auctions today, advertising farm equipment, household furniture and, at one, "cows, oxen, sleighs and harnesses and an excellent stud horse." Snuff was a cure-all for "slow, nervous headache" and was recommended by Dr. Waterhouse of the University of Cambridge, England, the same "who first introduced Cow Pox to this country." Cow pox is the source of the serum used to fight small pox; and since every farmer who milks cows usually develops cow pox on his hands which immunizes him; and since every early settler was usually a farmer, no matter what other calling he had, it is strange that such terrible epidemics of the dread disease swept the country.

Considerable space was given to the Windsor Female Academy and Juvenile College with New Regulations, at Windsor, Vt. Studies included, beside the usual ones, Polite Literature, Moral Philosophy, Painting and Drawing. Although a female academy, it announces carefully, that "Male Students will have separate Apartments," and will be instructed, as far as practicable, upon the plan proposed for the Female Department! The women couldn't even have an academy to themselves! But no doubt females of that day looked favorably upon a "co-ed" school, for they were little different from females today.

The little village of Rockingham, Vt., from which the town derives its name and which lost its hotel, post office and store by fire in 1908, was a thriving settlement in 1818. It was here that the town started, and the settlers built the old Meeting-house in 1797 and the first grist-mill long before that. Not until the superior water power of the Great Falls on the Connecticut made Bellows Falls the center of activity, did it cease to be the hub of the town.

The post office at Rockingham village, in 1818, was run by Stephen Tyler and was doubtless a busy gathering place for the townsfolk, although letters were far fewer than today—and the receiver paid the

postage! While it must have been an event when someone received one of those envelope-less letters, sometimes people refused their mail. No first-class mail was forwarded as today, and in the January 5 edition of the *Intelligencer* a list of unclaimed letters was posted. But one Wilhelmina Winkle inserted an advertisement to the effect that "unless evidence can be produced of its containing something of importance, it will remain in the office until the postage is franked." Likewise, Sally Spunkey informed her correspondent that "she shall take no notice of him unless he pays the postage on his packet."

The Bellows Falls Canal, built in 1792, was one of six on the Connecticut, making the river navigable for trade as most of the commerce of that day went up and down the river by flatboat, powered by one big square sail or poles, as the need arose. The Canal at Bellows Falls made it possible to by-pass the Great Falls and was one of the factors in making the history of the town which was indebted to it for its very existence. In 1818 it enjoyed a busy life and until the railroads came to town in 1849. A sign at the head of the Canal read "All enter stern foremost," and a Tariff Toll was posted in the *Intelligencer* "for the accommodation of boats passing through the Canal." Every two hogsheads of liquor, sugar or salt went through for seventy-five cents as well as four chests of tea. Each boat was taxed two dollars, and practically every commodity used passed through the Canal, from pot or pearl ashes, lumber, dry goods to flour, grain and "light articles."

Shillings were also still an accepted medium of money, and ashes or salts were as good as cash in the hand and could be traded for almost anything. No wonder we early had the term "Yankee trader" affixed to us! Pearl ashes were traded for flax, one man offering his that way in the paper. Flax was in great demand, being the world's most important fibre crop, before cotton-growing became general in this country, especially in Great Britain and Ireland. People from these countries carried their flax-raising with them to these shores where flax and wool were spun and woven at every fireside by tireless women who must need clothe and bed their family without benefit of shop or factory.

The Bellows Falls Bookstore advertises the latest edition of the *Village Harmony*, also of *Songs of the Temple*, both of which were probably duly intoned at singing school in the schoolhouse. Another terse advertisement suggests that it was good sense to pay your bills on time or be charged interest! One Stephen Wales announced that all persons indebted to him for carding wool will be fined two cents a pound unless they settled up on or before the 20th day of January.

Congress, then as now, was thrashing out the problem of raising

appropriations for the military, navy and marines. Henry Clay was a potent factor in Congress and doubtless swayed many a decision by his oratory. Perhaps it was he who shaved down the list of 51,000 soldiers of the Revolution or their heirs, to a mean 21,000, who were eligible for the land bounty. And then the bill was laid on the table! Times were not so different, a hundred and fifty years ago, and in the absence of local items, which were nobody's business but the owner's, readers got a lot of other news for their money, which was two dollars a year, in the old *Intelligencer* of 1818.

2. SCHOOL DISTRICT NO. 1 *by* WELLINGTON E. AIKEN

This sketch, rich with its memories, was the last writing done for us by Professor Aiken before his death on February 16th of this year. Editor.

The writer had his first introduction to an old-time Vermont "district school" nearly seventy years ago. The recollections of that year are many of them still vivid. Each town school district was then, as far as schools went, an independent unit. At the annual school meeting, district citizens met in the schoolhouse, together with a sprinkling of curious small boys, elected a school committee and other officers, aired opinions on the current school, assessed a school tax, and in general functioned as the smallest unit in free democratic action. Their comments were refreshingly free from political timidity!

Through these occasions, I was familiar with the inside of the schoolhouse before it became the seat of learning for my own small-fry school generation. The painted—or once painted—straight-backed pine desks and benches, the cracked plaster ceiling, spanned by a shaky stovepipe, the platform that raised the teacher's dignity some eight inches and offered a forum for Friday afternoon schoolboy eloquence, and the very necessary and very inefficient iron stove in the front center of the room, were not new to me when I first turned reluctant feet to the halls—no, hall,—of learning.

The appointments were of Spartan simplicity: blackboards painted once a year; a tin water-pail for drinking water, open to flies and chalk dust, and equipped with one tin cup, which, of course, did not require washing since it was continually rinsed in the water from a nearby well; one or two maps; and perhaps a contribution of wild flowers on the teacher's desk. The seats were all of the same height, with effectively uncomfortable straight back, and desk carved by generations of jackknives with initials, in appropriate sentiments, and highly unconventional, traditional symbols.

It was my fortune to see the last of the old "knock-down, drag-out"

school. There was still a crop of grown-up boys, some of whom went to school only in the winter, farm work requiring them at other seasons. They were not exactly enthusiastic for learning, and regarded discipline and order with fixed hostility. Naturally, under those conditions the teacher was a man.

The occupant of this particular palace of learning in my first school year, was a husky young man in his twenties, with well-developed biceps, and undeveloped control over his temper. The big boys naturally tried him out—once. The results were sudden, violent, and conclusive. I saw him start to use a hardwood ruler, which would have made a very effective club, on a big lout who was impudent to him. The boy caught up a heavy blackboard pointer and retaliated vigorously. At that, the teacher caught his assailant's coat collar, tripped and threw him. The boy's head made a noisy contact with the iron stove-hearth; when picked up he was quite willing to call it the final round. On another occasion, the teacher caught a defiant boy by the collar and threw him against the door, where the doorlatch caught and dislocated his thumb. The teacher took hold of the boy's thumb, jerked it vigorously back in place, raising a howl from the victim, and said, "Now, go back and sit down!"

The small boys? Oh, he didn't touch us, we were too scared to misbehave!

It was the last year of that country school, conducted on the primitive athletic basis. That generation of older boys were in their final school year—and just as well—and no others replaced them. We had one other man teacher for a term, and afterwards only women teachers—of great variety. I cannot say I enjoyed all the excitement of my first year in school, but retrospectively I'm glad I saw the conditions which are now happily gone.

The pupils of District No. 1 lived anywhere from 100 yards to two miles from the school. Usually they walked, even in winter. It was not uncommon to see youngsters come in with ears or nosetips frozen white. Cold water was considered the proper application. Temperatures varied in the room on a zero day from tropic heat by the stove to cold that froze ink in the back row. The most frequent request was, "Teacher, may I sit by the stove?"

In spite of traditional preference for vacation and relief from school, the youngsters had a pretty good time. Recess and "nooning" were not long enough for all the sports, especially in winter, when coasting, skating, fox and geese, and very realistic snowball fights, were in season. Incidentally, snowballs, firm packed and frozen over night, are substantial weapons; yet even the girls used them. The weaker

sex also immobilized prisoners captured from opposing snow forts, by sitting on them in sufficient numbers.

Did we learn anything? Some did and some did not. From observation in more advanced education, I suspect that result is still true. We had more time for reading, spelling, and arithmetic; also we learned that a sentence has certain parts that are not properly subject to individual eccentricities of composition. I have known college freshmen who appeared unconvinced of this principle.

Nobody in that benighted educational age ever asked us if we were interested in our lessons. The lessons were there, we were there, and the answers were supposed to be there too. But we had an incentive to learn: *she* sat up behind the desk in front! The entertaining habits of the natives of Patagonia were not pictured to us, but we knew the capital and largest city of Argentina—in case we ever went there! Bad educational psychology no doubt—but I have noticed that quite a bit of the outside world is conducted on the same principle. Clerks are seldom told about the relation between the cloth they sell and the lives of cotton share-croppers. Bookkeepers set down one dry figure after another dry figure, and are not encouraged to introduce picturesque variations as expressions of developing personality; and in these present critical days few first sergeants stop to gain the enthralled attention of a squad before barking an order.

We learned geography by map, memorized facts, and repetition, and not by a geodetic survey of the back yard. But while a good deal of the learning was very arid, I could still make use of much of it in later days when the first great international war suddenly broadened the average American's geographical horizon. Also, though some years later, we learned a surprising amount of elementary anatomy and physiology, some of it, no doubt, quite wrong, but at least giving us some sketchy ideas of our mysterious insides!

I would not willingly part with my memories of the old district school, and I take off my hat to those long-suffering teachers!

In view of recent discussion of teacher-salaries, it may be interesting to note that the highest pay to a teacher for a 12-week term in the middle eighties seems to have been $120 for a man for the winter term. This was for the strong-armed bruiser of this account. The lowest pay for a 12-week term was $48, apparently with board, which cost $22. A boy received $2.00 for building the term's schoolhouse fires; and the schoolhouse was "cleaned" for $1.75. The extent of the latter operation is not recorded, but since it was cleaned only just before the opening of the term, the price seems not extravagant.

At a still earlier date—the first decade of the nineteenth century—

the minutes of several successive meetings run as noted below. Composition, punctuation, and spelling suggest that still earlier schools had not attained perfect success in their educational efforts.

"Voted that the schoolhouse be set up at vendue to be built by them or him that will build it cheapest. 4th voted James Parkhill vendue master. The house then set up and bid down to 190.00 by L. Standish. 5th Voted to adjourn the vendue to the 5th day of April inst. at five oclock at this place. 6th Voted to sell the old schoolhouse at vendue, James Parkhill, vendue master, and the money so raised to be appropriated for the benefit of the next winter school and to be paid by the first day of Feb. next, the old schoolhouse then set up and bid to 9 Dollars by Ury Curtis . . . . Voted to adjourn till April 8th Opened the meeting agreeable to adjournment then opened the vendue of the new schoolhouse and was bid of by Lewis Wilkinson Jun to be built and completely finished of for one hundred and eighty Dollars including materials that are distributed in the District . . . Voted that the proportion of wood for the winter ensuing to be one cord for three scholars to be cut and corded up at the schoolhouse and to be delivered by the 20th day of Jan. next the remainder set up at vendue. Lewis Wilkinson agreed to furnish wood that is dificient at on the 20th day of Jan. at five schillings per cord. . . . Voted that the committee be directed to employ a teacher for 10 weeks and that each one pay in proportion to the number of scholars they send. 6th voted to furnish ½ cord of 3 foot wood per scholar Delinquent wood bid off at 95 cents per chord. . . . Voted that the District will raise two hundred Dollars on the list one half to be paid in materials for building a schoolhouse to be delivered on the spot by the 15th day of April next the other half to be paid in money grain or beef cattle by Oct. 1st next. . . . Delinquent board to the lowest bidder. Bid by Lemuel Standish at seventy five cents per week. By John Aiken at 45 cents per week."

3. A VILLAGE MERCHANT *by* ALICE CONE PERRY

In the middle years of the 19th century Mark Cone, a slender, sandy-haired Vermonter with keen dark eyes and a drooping, handlebar mustache, presided over a store in the village of Hartford that would have given a modern merchant a nightmare. No lavish window displays enticed the passer-by, no fire-red paint or gilt lettering adorned its dusty white-clapboarded front. Its interior was only dimly lit by a couple of seldom washed, small-paned windows by day, and at night by an evil-smelling kerosene lamp hanging from the ceiling. In the center of the room was a round, wood-burning stove, with several decrepit chairs adjacent, and around the walls merchandise of all sorts overflowed shelves and drawers, and was crammed into boxes and barrels in the corners and under the counters. The effect was one of roughly organized confusion, but practically anything could be provided here on short notice, or no notice at all. There is a story that Mark once brought out a second-hand pulpit from the attic

store-room, in response to the demand of a waggish drummer. He knew where everything was, exactly how much of any item he had on hand, where and when it was bought and how much he had paid for it. He never "took stock"; he seldom, if ever, lost money.

Upstairs, in what had been the ballroom of the ancient tavern that housed the store, Mark carried on a prosperous tailoring business, also. This he had inherited from his father, who had been the first tailor to settle in the village shortly before Mark was born there in 1819. When he was hardly more than a boy, Mark had invested a small cash windfall in a line of cheap jewelry and watches to tempt his father's customers. The gadgets sold well; from this beginning Mark gradually increased the retail business that became his life's career. Tailoring never appealed to him so strongly. He learned the trade from his father, and was aware of its merits, but he used it as a side line, only. To do the actual work on his orders, he preferred to employ a succession of "girls" of varying ages and degrees of skill.

People interested Mark, and the more he saw, the happier he was. It was good business, too, to be in the store at all hours. He made over the west half of the building for a dwelling, so that he could always be on the spot. "Few are the business men," wrote his obituary biographer in 1885, "who have been so constantly in their place of business as Mr. Cone, always cheerful, patiently waiting on all kinds and classes of customers, and ready with a pleasant word for everybody." The pleasant words were natural to him. Mark Cone's store was a popular meeting-place in the village. People came to buy and remained to visit, and even the ones who had just dropped in to pass the time of day usually bought something before they left; so business combined happily with pleasure for all concerned.

Although genuinely beloved by many, Mark had his critics, also. He was not a church member. This led to some disapproval of him on the part of certain neighbors for whom church membership was a well-merited badge of human worth. Letters written about him by a contemporary church pillar describe him acidly as a "narrow-minded penny pincher, with small regard for spiritual things." This was because he had declined to subscribe the sum for church expenses that the writer believed he could afford. It is true that Mark's generosity was not torrential. He did not like to part with any of his painstakingly earned and invested funds unless he thought the gift likely to bring worthwhile returns. His observations of people were keen and accurate; the week-day behavior of some, noted for the power of their Sunday testimony, left him in doubt of the value of the church's moral influence.

For all his indifference to organized religion he was "a good family man." He married, rather past his first youth, Harriet Davis, of North Randolph. She was reserved and rather austere, with reverence for book-learning and good, sound investments. She had little of Mark's humor and geniality, and probably kept him strung tighter than his own more easy-going temperament would have liked. The owner of the hotel, next door, conducted a rather shadowy trade in spirituous fluids. This was winked at by the authorities, though Hartford usually "voted dry" in a time when "local option" knew its finest flowering. It was suggested that Mark become an accessory to this enterprise, to the extent of storing the stock in trade in his apparently innocent cellar. Harriet would not permit it, though they would be paid well for the favor. Harriet took satisfaction in the substantial returns on their sturdy western farm mortgages and railroad bonds, and she always saw to it that the store profits went promptly and efficiently to work, but she would have no dealing, however lucrative, with the Demon Rum.

Harriet and Mark had two daughters and a son. One of the girls died young; the other two were raised with prudence, thrift, and a refrigerated affection that put more emphasis on loyalty than demonstrativeness. They were given all the education they would absorb. Mark was generous about spending money for his own people, and Harriet prodded her rather reluctant boy and girl along their paths of learning with the zeal she had not been permitted to use for her own education. Few actual incidents of Mark as a father are preserved. It is remembered that when his son wanted to learn to play a cornet in the village band, Mark bought him off with a dollar, remarking that it was cheap at the price. More than once he was heard to say, "By golly, when I get time, I'm going to lick that boy!" Probably his black eyes twinkled when he said it, for the boy was actually a sweet-natured, docile little soul, who showed small evidence of needing or fearing the promised lickings. Years later, when Mark was nearing the end of his days, the same son gave up, rather thankfully, it is surmised, his pursuit of a scholarly career to come home to "help Father with the store."

Early in 1853, for some reason not explained, it amused Mark Cone to set down in a pocket diary brief notes on such things as the weather, the state of his business, the daily symptoms of a short illness of his wife, his baby daughter's progress in learning to walk, and various local happenings which interested him. Each Sunday he recorded the fact that "Mrs. Cone" had attended church with the children and that he had not done so. He traced the progress of the

reluctant Vermont spring from "cold and raw" through times, "thawy and sposhy," when there was neither sleighing nor wheeling, to a day in April that was "clear as a whistle! O how pleasant it is!"

Here are glimpses of village life, and by indirection, of himself, observing it. One bright winter day there was "horse trotting on the river" and a little later a "grate musicians ball at the Junction House about 250 couple." Someone named Helen Converse was married February 14th, "a great time amongst the Big Bugs."

On March 17th: "Frosty nights and Warm days begin to make Maple Sugar. Apples $1.75 a Barall."

March 22nd: "A very pleasant day. Sewd (sued) Lon Moore $12.50 interest from 1850 he was going to York State to live."

On February 8th there was a town meeting, to vote on the "main Licar Law." Next day he wrote, "There were 85 votes against the Main Licour Law. The Flag of Liberty floats majestic yet. All well."

On Sunday, May 1st, Mark set out for his spring buying trip to Boston. "Hubard Smith fell out of the wagon. He was looking at some pretty girls. So Beware!"

May 3rd, still in Boston, he found "rainey, and oh very suftcating." He was gone for a week, and recorded on his return that he had had a good time and that "goods were cheap, genrally." After this the entries fell off; the last one, after many blank pages, states that on July 28th he "bought a Lightening rod, installed at a cost of $11.43."

The rest of the pages are scrawled over with letters and words in a childish printing. Across one leaf staggers the name J-E-N-N-Y. Jenny was the child who died of diphtheria when she was six; perhaps it was for her sake that the little book was cherished, for us to find it, so many years later, in a box full of old mortgages, deeds and cancelled checks.

4. TOWNS IN ESSEX COUNTY NAMED FOR FAMOUS MEN

by GEORGE N. DALE

Essex County can take great pride in the fact that it contains Warner's Grant. This land was a gift of Vermont to Hester Warner and her children, the surviving heirs of the famous Revolutionary patriot who rendered such magnificent service on Vermont soil during the Revolution.

Down in Washington County is the town of Warren, created by a charter that also granted to the same proprietors the Essex County land known as Warren Gore. When this charter was issued, several other New England states had already honored the memory of Joseph

Warren, Bunker Hill hero, by naming new towns for this gallant commander. Surely, there is evidence that will some day be revealed to prove that Vermont did likewise.

Pleasant reflections concerning these odd names must come to a native of Essex County who travels from Bloomfield to Brighton and thence to Norton on the highway or railroad that are the modern paths along this ancient Indian trail. Here flows the Nulhegan, named by the prehistoric Algonquin tribes. Here are Ferdinand and Brunswick, named for a famous hero of the same German era that produced such German pioneers as the Shoff family of Brunswick. Here are Warren Gore and Warner's Grant, named for heroes of the same Revolutionary period that produced such Revolutionary pioneers as the Bishop and Currier families of Brighton.

Throughout Essex County there is much unwritten history. The Nulhegan country is far more romantic than many storied lands beyond the horizon. But there are only a few chapters of the local story that have been told in the language this region deserves. The most accurate and inspiring description of this unspoiled land appears in the poetry of A. W. Stone. His picture of "The River Road" will always remain a splendid tribute to the Nulhegan country.

The name Nulhegan will some day be translated from the various Indian dialects that also produced such similar New England names as Skowhegan, Monhegan and Souhegan. Child's *Gazetteer* tells us that the Nulhegan was the "fish" river of the Indians. Howard and Crocker's *History of New England* says that Skowhegan literally meant "place to watch" with reference to the Indian habit of stopping at that point along the Kennebec to catch fish. Both Monhegan Island and Souhegan Rivers were pioneer fishing-grounds.

Apparently "Scow" or "Sco" signified "place" while "hegan" meant "to watch." To support that belief we recall that Casco was the Indian's final "rest place at the lower end of their long trail." Therefore, we may be sure that the Nulhegan was so named by the first inhabitants of Essex County land to designate the river where they stopped to get their fish long before white men had crossed the Atlantic.

There are nineteen towns and gores in Essex County. Probably the most careful research would never reveal how all of these towns got their present names. But the available evidence on this subject deserves publication.

Ferdinand and Brunswick are two towns with the same background. It was Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick, who led the victorious troops of England and Prussia in the Seven Years War. Across the

Atlantic in the ancient day, this good news travelled very slowly to Portsmouth, N. H. There Benning Wentworth, Governor of the English province of New Hampshire, immediately celebrated the victory by creating on the same day the two neighboring towns that are still known as Ferdinand and Brunswick.

Lemington, Maidstone and Wenlock were old towns in England at the time Governor Wentworth placed those names on his map of the uninhabited forest that finally was to become a part of Essex County. Likewise, in England was the old town of Minehead that furnished the original name for the place which many years later became Bloomfield, Vermont.

It is easy to believe the old books that say Governor Wentworth had the Earl of Granby in mind when he issued the charter for Granby. It is even more logical to think that London's historic Guildhall furnished inspiration for the name that now identifies the only town on earth that is known as Guildhall.

Averill is named for Samuel Averill of Connecticut, who acquired more Essex County land than any other man of his time. He obtained half of the town charters for this region. At New Preston and elsewhere in Connecticut, still live his descendants, probably unaware of the splendid lakes that perpetuate the name of their ancestor.

Undoubtedly the town of Lewis got its name from either or both Timothy and Sevignon Lewis who were associated with Samuel Averill in obtaining other grants of land in the Nulhegan area.

Down in Massachusetts are two adjoining towns, Lunenburg and Lancaster. From those places came many of the original landowners of the two adjoining towns of Coos area. Because the old surveys were hurried and inaccurate, those first pioneers who later came northward to settle on their Lunenburg land, actually located in the neighboring Guildhall.

All of the foregoing towns were New Hampshire Grants. When Vermont established its independence, the new state soon began to raise much needed revenue by creating and selling additional towns in the remaining ungranted area.

The first two charters granted by the Vermont Government were issued on the same day to Timothy Andrus and associates of Connecticut for the adjoining border towns, Holland and Norton.

Associated with Andrus as grantees of Norton were four members of the Norton family, notably Jedidiah Norton of Meriden, Connecticut. Apparently Andrus had his Connecticut home in mind when several years later, he obtained a charter for East Haven, Vermont.

Vermont's most northeastern community is Canaan. Many early

Vermont statesmen and a group of citizens at Newfane, Vermont, were the grantees who obtained this charter. Probably they named this town for Canaan, Connecticut, a place which had sent several pioneer families to the young Green Mountain commonwealth.

Every resident of Brighton probably knows that this town originally was named Random because its first proprietors selected this land at random from the many new townships Vermont was then offering for sale. But apparently there is no record to prove why the Random voters asked the General Assembly in 1832 to "alter" the name of their town to "Brighton."

Revolutionary victory was in the air when Continental soldiers in Connecticut obtained a charter for the Vermont town of Victory. The patriotic confidence represented by that name would appeal very strongly to the ruling Allens and Chittendens of Vermont who broke the Tory custom of bringing from England a host of names for these Green Mountain towns.

In view of the foregoing one could well assume that the embattled patriots of Concord were in mind when Vermont created its town of Concord. Certainly, there is no evidence to support a contrary belief.

LETTERS FROM THE PAST

In January, 1952, Andrew J. Roberts left his young wife, Mathilda, in Walden, Vt., and journeyed to California in search of gold. It is now September, 1852, and the gold seems to be eluding him. At home in Walden, "in the woods," his son is born. Underneath the simple letters with their pioneer restraint of emotion, the modern reader can sense the heartache, longing, and fear that have lingered at home while men have gone adventuring. We salute Mathilda—she was only 19 years of age—across a century for the real woman her letters reveal. The first letters in this series appeared in the January 1952 issue. Editor.

III

Walden September 4th 1852

Respected and loved Husband

We received two letters from you last night and I assure you our hearts throbed with joy it had been six weeks since we had heard from you and we began to fear that some accident had befallen you. Sometimes we flatered ourselves that you were on the way home, but that was to good to be so, but I think I shall not worry again about you if we do not hear every mail. I shall think perhaps they have lodged on the way, but as they had always come directly through before, I could not help feeling uneasy about you but it does no good to worry and I think it is best to wait and see there is [?] to worry when you get bad news. I was very glad to hear that you were enjoying yourselve, hope you will while you stay, but I am in hopes that will not be a great while longer. It seems a great while to look forward to another summer, but if you will come then, I will try and be contented till then. We flatered ourselves that you would come home this fall untill you had sutch luck going, since then we have not thought so mutch about it, but I should be glad I tell you if you could be with me the rest of this month but that cannot be. But I shall be taken just as good care of as I should if you were with me. I hope you will not worry about me but think that I shall get along well. You will hear from me once a fortnight, so you will know how I get along. I presume I shall not write again untill I am confined but I shall get some one to write.

My health is very good and I enjoy myself as well as I can. Think

I shall enjoy myself better next year than I have the year past. I shall not be quite so mutch confined at home.

You asked me how I should like to come out there. I tell you, my dear Husband, I never want tō see California. I could never think of starting sutch a journey with a child, and I hope you will never think of setling off there. I should mutch rather live here in the woods than to run the risk of getting there if I was sure of living in the most splendid mansion that ever was. To be sure it is considerable for a woman to make one hundred and twenty five dollars a month when here they only make four, but for all of that it is a great undertaking to go to California. I guess you thought it was rather hard times when you saw the mouldy bread magety meat and stinking water and especialy when you when you had a spoonfull of rice three times a day. You have never written anything about the living, but others have written all about it, but it was well for us that we did not know what hard times you had. I dont immagine victuals would have tasted very good to us about that time if we had known your circumstances as often you were starving, but it would have been very different if we had known it and it must be you would come very near starving before you would eat sutch food as that. I hope if you ever come home you will get on board a steamer and then you will be likely to fair better. I should be verry loth to have a friend start, after knowing as mutch as I do now. I. Patch is bent upon going off there this fall, but if I was in his wifes place, he would have to run away if he went at all I think. I do not think he will ever get his wife started but perhaps he may. Mr. Brown Ellis and the rest of the company are well and doing well. They are making 5 dollars per day. They do not know where you are. They say you promised to leave a letter at San Francisco, but when they got there they could not find any. You must write to them when you hear where they are. They are at Sonora in the southern mines. Since they have been there the City has been nearly destroyed by fire.

You wanted me to write about every thing in Hardwick and Walden. I do not know mutch about what is going on as I do not go out mutch, but the meetings are kept up as usual. They are at Mr. Fishers thursday eve now instead of being here.

I want you to write how you enjoy your mind. I hope, my dear Husband, you will not give your religion up. Give up everything of an earthly nature but cling to that. Without that you can never be happy here after. With that you can be happy here and here after also. That is far more important than any thing else. I think more about your laying up treasures in heaven than I do about your getting earthly

riches. It is but very little that I think about the gold that you are going to get, but I think a great deal about your laying up your treasures in heaven. Pray on, dear Husband, never stop praying till death sumons you to eternity.

I hope you not mind anything about Uncles fretting but put up with it and make the best of it. You know it is his nature, but I have written as mutch as I feel able to write now. I hope I can write longer letters soon Aunt and Ella are well. Ella grows and gains about talking fast. She has been to school this summer to Polly Low. Learned very well. Mother is well and exspects to be married the 21st of this month. Fanny and James are well. Fanny is here and sends her love. Says she should like to be out there making 125.00 per month, but I guess she wont start till next week if she does then. James is to work at Uncle Iras now but thinks he shall go out west soon. I dont know whether he will go or not. Samuel is at Albany, he has been sick with the small pox. Grandfathers people are all well. He is going to build a house this fall. There is a deal more that I could tell you if you were here but I must stop. Give my best respects to Uncle and George and accept all the love yourself do not neglect to write. I remain your devoted Wife M. T. R.

II.

Weber Crick Sept. 5, 1852

Beloved Wife

I received your letter of July 3 and was very hapy to hear that you were still in the land of the living and in the enjoyment of good health. I feel to thank the Lord that although we are so far from each other that we can communicate our thoughts and feelings to each other by way of letters and that I was blessed thus far in receiving yours. I have received 3 from you since I have been here including the one that I received at San Francisco and I expect one the last of this week. Joseph received two letters from Aunt the other day both at a time. I had had one of yours nearly a month and the other about ten days when he received them. My health is very good at this time, have not injoyed for a long time any beter. I like the country as well as I can with [you] so far from me I do not know but I like it as well as I ever expected that I should yet I look forward to the time when with the Lords blessing I shall be permited to return to you once more and it gives much pleasure to think of that time. But then the thought that perhaps we shall never meet again on the shores of time—such a thought makes me feel sorowful, yet I feel in all things to put my trust

in the Lord with the asurance that he will do right, and in all things hope for the best. I look forward to the time when I shall be permited to live in and injoy Society. Here there is no restraint over society and, I may say with truth that there is no society. Although today is the Sabath, yet while am writing in one room, they are playing cards and drinking in another, but I can say that such things are not interesting to me but very lothsom. The company that I am at work in are a very stedy men, they have none of them any very bad habits. I have been boarding myself the last two weeks, like it much beter than I did boarding out. Provisions are vry dear now. Flour is worth 25 cts per pound, potatoes 12½, ham 40 cts, pork 25, beef 25, onions 25, buter 75 cts, molasses $1.50, and everything else in proportion. Although everything is so high I think we can board ourselves for six dollars per week. I have writin in the last letters what we were a doing. I wrote that we were all ingaged in the river. One of our claims is a paying very well now. The others we have not got into enough to find out how they are a going to pay. And with regard to the other question which you said was of the most importance to you, the Lord only knows. It will depend a great dele on how our claims pay. If they pay well, we can give somthing of a guess, but if they do not pay, we are where we was when we came here, and we should have to stay as much longer as we have been here. But I am in hops that will not be the case, for I think I am as anxious to be at home as you are that I should be. Joseph is well and George also is well and sends his respects to all. I shall write to Aunt. I am a going to write to sis and I think some of writing to Joseph Fitch. I promised to write to him when I left home. I want you to write me about all of the neighbors and how many of the company have writen home whether brother Ellis and Brown have writen home and what part of the mines they are. We have not heard a word from one of them when we left them in Acapulco. We promised to write to San Francisco and let them know where we were. We did write 4 leters to them but I expect they arrived before the letters did, and that was the reason why we did not hear from them. Write about sister Ellis, how she gets along, and give her my best respects, and what Grandfather is a doing about building and what all the rest are about, what Burt is a driving at, and every thing else you can think of anything will be interesting to me. I want you should be sure to write every two weeks with out fale. This is the eight letter that I have writen since I have been here. I do not think of much more to write at this time. Write as soon as you receive this from your dearest husband A. J. Roberts

Weber Crick Sept. 25 1852

Beloved Wife

I received your letters of July 21 & 30 both at one time and was very glad to hear from you once more this side of a boundless eternaty and that your health continued good. I feel that we ought to be thankful to God for his goodness to us in permiting us to hear from each other by way of letter. My health is very good. I never injoyed better health than I do at this time. My weight is one hundred and sixty five lbs which is much into 4 lbs I ever weighed. I cannot say that I have injoyed myself very well for the last two or three weeks. I could not help thinking of you for fear you would be very sick, but I know it is of no use for me to borrow trouble, for I think you will be taken good care of, and if you are now alive, you are beter. May the Lord grant that that may be the case. The last male is in, but the letters have not come up yet. I shall look for one from you. It has been three weeks since I wrote before, but I wrote two that I expect went the 15 of this month and this will be in time for the last. We are a doing very well and if the rain holds of well our claims will pay well I think. Joseph is well. He did think some of writing but says he should make rather a bad piece of work, wants you to say to Aunt and his father and mother that he has not forgoten them and sends his love to all. Tell Aunt to kiss sis for him, tell Dudley that he will have to have the farm another year. Tell brother Skiner I thank him very much and that my courage is first rate, give him and wife my best respects. George is well, sends his best respects.

I want all of the procedings of the church and all about the meetings and the neighbors and everything you can think of. I shall not write much more today for the want of time. Be sure and write every two wks. From your husband A. J. Roberts

Walden October 1st 1852

My dear Husband

My heart throbs and vibrates with joy this morning as I take my pen to write a few lines to you with my little son in the cradle by my side. He resembles his father very mutch, has black hair, a very dark blue eye, and with all is a very well looking baby. I think he is good writing work and sewing work, is a very child and pretty good natured. I supose you would like to know how I got along (you probably received a letter from Aunt that was written while I was sick). I had a very comfortable time. I was very billous and threatened with a bilious fever. The doctor was sent for and he had good success

in throwing it off. That was the Sunday after the babe was born. The next Wednesday I took cold and the doctor came and made me two more visits. Since then I have got along very smart. I put my clothes on when he was two weeks old. He was three weeks old last monday and I am about as smart as I was before. Think my health will be as good as it ever was. I take a great deal of comfort with little tot, and I guess you would like to take a peep at him once in a while. I hope it will not be long before you will have the privalige of seeing him. How happy I should be to see you come in here tonight. I received a letter from you while I was sick and was glad to hear that you had begun to receive my letters. I have written once in two weeks all of the time and shall continue to do so. I have not received a letter from you in this steamer. We heard that the letters got wet so that they could not tell who they belonged to. It seems a great while to wait a month for a letter. I hope you will never fail to write once a fortnight, for we feel very anxious to hear every mail. We fear you are sick when we do not hear.

I was sorry to hear in your last letter that you and Uncle were not together and that you did not get together and pray, but was glad to hear that you had not forgotten to pray. Hope you never will while on the face of time. Saturday morning finds me seated to the table with little tot in my lap. He will not lie in the cradle and so I have to hold him and write and so you will have to excuse the poor writing and a short letter this time. Aunt and Ella are well. Mother is well, She has not gone on the hill to live yet expect she will soon. She came and staid with me while I was sick a few days. Fanny is well and sends her love. James has concluded not to go out west, has bought him the farm that Mr Barny lived on when you went away. Grandfathers people are all well. I do not think of mutch to write this time. Hope I shall think of more next time but I must close so good bye.

from your affectionate wife

I will send you a lock of the babys hair in this letter M T Roberts

October 2

Dear Husband

My health is mutch better than it was when I wrote to you two weeks ago. I think I shall begin to gain flesh, but I think I never have been poorer since we were married than I am now. Every one that sees me cries out how poor you are. You would not know my form if you could see me, but enough of this. My health is very good. Ella is well and says a great deel about par, thinks he will come home by

and by and bring her a ring [?] go to meeting with him. Jackson [?] you did not get my letter that I rote you in [?] for which I was sorry. I havent room nor time to write a great deal to you now, but I think I shall write more next time. The church seems to prosper and I think we shall have started preaching soon.

Vincent wrote that you was homesick and thought some of coming home. I wish you would put your resolutions into practice, for I think [?] lot be better for you. I am afrid if you stay there you will loos your health. I have a grate many fears that you never will live to come home. And that I must leave in the hands of God who is your guide there as well as here. Do not forget for a moment to trust in him for he is your friend. He will never leave you nor forsake you but will ever stand by you in sickness and in health. I have not heard from you by the last steamer. Perhaps your letter was lost but hope to hear in two weeks and feel very anxious to hear how you get along in your river claim. Do not fail to let us know if you are sick. Mrs. Nathan Morse died of the consumtion in August. Mrs. Stevens is geting better. Mrs. Hill has not heard from him since he left the isthmus. Have the Sweet boys been heard from? Think most likely they are dead. Folks think Mrs. Sweet will be crazy unless her mind is relieved [?] did not write what ship he was going to sail and they cannot get any track of him anywhere. You should take some pains to trace him if you can. Our prayer meetings are [?] up [?] The thursday evenings are held at brother Fishers. Sister Fisher takes apart with us. Expect to go to meeting tomorrow and [?] you [?] it is a very pleasant time. Dudley is having his grain thrashed out today but will not get through untill Monday. Crops are very flourishing this year. Potatoes do not rot at all, grow very large and turn out well. I think you had better write your name and ours in the inside of the letters so if they get wet they will be more likely to find out whose they are.

from your wife Christiana Leavitt Joseph Leavitt.

Sacramento City Calafornia

Folklore Department

EDITED *by* LEON W. DEAN
President, Green Mountain Folklore Society

Hen Head

The name of the character in this story is shrouded in mystery. For many years he was known as Hen Head. In the early days of the settlement in Fairfax the residents worked together cutting the hay and stacking it. In the winter the cattle would be driven to the fields for forage. The men took turns watching the cattle, a precaution which was made necessary by the prevalence of bears and wolves.

For their protection they would build a crude cabin with a trap door in the roof from which they could survey the range. On one occasion the man in charge opened the trap and stuck his head out to take a look around. As he did so, his partner heard a terrified yell, followed by some blasphemous language which seemed to be describing an owl. When order was restored, it was learned that a large owl had descended on the observer's bushy head and tried to carry it off. The explanation finally accepted was that the owl had mistaken the bushy head for an old hen. The scars left by the owl's talons were there until Hen Head died. He never shook off his nick name, and accepted it with good grace once it had become established.
—*Hazel G. Hinett, Fairfax.*

—&—

From Cellar To Garret

The following is a copy of a portion of the report of a commission of dower for a woman living in a small town in Vermont in 1845. It is said that she lived forty years after the settlement was made.

> She (wife of the deceased) is to have the square room, Bedroom adjoining same, chamber over the square room, one half of the garrett—privilege in Butry and all the cellar Butry. Arch under the chimney in and under the house on said farm with the privilege of passing to and from said rooms and cellar through the other part of the house at pleasure.
>
> Also one half of the woodshed. Also the horse stable, the two scaffolds and the west side of the high beams with an equal privilaege

in barn floor in the barn on the premises. Also the privilege of passing from said barn across said farm to the portion herein set off (35 acres): also half a pew in the M. E. Chapel in W———, also one stall in the horse shed near said house.

Signed by
The Commissioners

—Mary Whitney Kidd, Northfield.

—&—

Memories

(*From Mrs. Elizabeth Tuttle's autograph book, West Rutland*)

When weary I are
I takes my cigar,
And when the smoke rises
And gets into my eyeses
I think of thee, love,
And oh! how I sighes!

To Eliza

Well peace to thy heart
Tho an other's it be
And health to thy cheek
Though it blooms not for me.

—Carol C. Wheatley, South Burlington

—&—

Early Court Records of Pomfret

(*From an unbound book in town clerk's office*)

In 1788, a charge of "Breach of Sabbath by Nedles Traveling," was brought against six Pomfret and Hartford residents. Three were acquitted by Squire Troop, and three were found guilty and fined six shillings each.

A really unique case is that of Eleazer Skinner, who, suffering from a guilty conscience, charged himself with "breaking the peace in an unlawful manner in Biting of James Hows." Judge Troop must have eased Eleazer's conscience when he ordered him to pay six shillings fine plus costs of one shilling.

In 1791, a man was brought before Squire Troop to hear this charge: "On the 5th day of Septr. Instant, being Sabath or Lord's Day, in violation of the Laws of this state Needlessly set out on a journey from home to travel sd Day." Being contrary, defendant pleaded not guilty, with the defense being, "Was of necessity going

to se the Doctor." No indication that any more evidence or witnesses were heard is seen. In any event, he was fined fifteen shillings and costs.

The same year Ransom Durkee complained to the court about his younger brother and charged that: "On the 4th day of this Instant Septr., being the Sabath or Lord's Day, did in violation of the Laws of this State, Travel needlessly on sd Day to Roialton otherwise than to or from public worship." Apparently the younger Durkee was born to be a lawyer, for he was acquitted of the charge.

Another man of high character appeared before Squire Troop May 6, 1793, and "complained of himself for the Breech of the Sabath on the fourteenth day of April last, at the house of Deacon Jonathan Dana, for laying a Handkerchief on Sylvanus Lamb's arm and also smiling about the same time and when coming from the house of sd. Dana homeward I gave sd Lamb my spurs and that was all I did." For this self-confessed offense a fine of ten shillings and costs of one shilling were paid.

On the following day, Sylvanus Lamb, probably frightened because of the previous dark confession, complained on himself for a breach of the Sabbath on April 14, "by having a black handkerchief lay on his arm and by allowing of a Pare of Spurs Put on his arm, when returning home." The penalty was the same as for the instigator of the breach (above).

Another offense of the period was that of picking wild strawberries on the Sabbath. July, 1796, was a bumper month for the offense. The parents of two young boys were the accused in these cases. The parents of one boy paid a fine of two shillings as a "parent and lawful guardian of Oliver Fales appeared for traveling on the Sabath or Lord's Day by straboring."

A complaint was lodged against the parent Towns "for thare Breach of Sabath or Lord's Day on the 3d Day of Instant July for going from home a straberring on sd. day." The judge ordered a fine of "one shilling and six pence a Peace."

When the "straberring" season ended, the law of the Sabbath again regained paramount importance. Jacob Child was discovered making, "breach of the Law of this State by Laughing on the Sabbath or Lord's Day in the meeting house in time of publick service." The accused pleaded not guilty, but with pioneer justice was fined two shillings.

Darius Sessions, putting duty before brotherly loyalty, made complaint to Judge Troop that he had "reason to suppose that Resolved Sessions did Breake the Law of this State by gitting Drunk

on the Sixth day of February last." This charge was so serious as to require an additional man to help Squire Troop determine the guilt of the accused. After three days of considering the problem, the honorable judge decided the case in favor of the plaintiff, and a fine of eight shillings and costs was levied.—*Eugene A. Dana, Sharon.*

—&—

You Name It

The ability of the settlers to give quaint, unforgettable names to different parts of the town, seizing upon some peculiarity with grim humor, was nothing less than genius.

There was "North Bend," now North Cambridge; "The Territory," which included the road between Jeffersonville and East Fletcher; "Pleasant Valley;" "Lost Nation"; "Number 'leven"; "Smugglers' Notch," and "Punkin Harbor." This last was so named because one year during a fall freshet a great quantity of pumpkins came down the Lamoille River and were left on the meadow of the Merritt Morgan Farm.

A part of the adjoining town of Fletcher was always called "Fletcher's Leg," and a village in Fairfield was known the country over as "Puddle Dock." Another town had a section with the dubious name of "No God Hollow." A portion of the town of Westford was called "Hardscrabble."—*Ella M. Covey, Underhill.*

—&—

On To Boston

The Sherburnes have lived on this farm since the time of my great grandfather. We have a very large covered water-shed here, and I have heard my grandmother tell how large herds of beef cattle used to be driven through here to Boston. They used to plan to stay over night here and water and feed the cattle. The drivers used to eat here and visit far into the night, bringing many topics of news to discuss. She said they also used to drive great flocks of turkeys through.—*Daisy S. Dopp, Glover.*

—&—

Just So

He was behind the door when the brains was passed out.
He's so crooked he can hide behind a corkscrew.
All over hell and part of York State.
April takes three days from March to kill the old cows.

May jackasses sit on his grandmother's grave.
Be sorry from the boots up.
Time's the rider that breaks youth.
The still pig drinks the swill.
He has on his "appearin' out clothes."
Humped up like a burnt boot.

—*Lillian Terrill, Burlington*

—&—

Panton Town Records

1790—Voted that swine be allowed to run at large on the Common. Voted that the swine of neighboring towns be not allowed any other privilege in this town than our swine are in their towns.

1807—Voted to relinquish Samuel Smedley from paying a fine for killing a deer.

1825—Voted that in case the overseers of the poor do not procure places and bind out the three oldest of the widow's girls by the first of Nov. next the selectmen be requested to warn a town meeting for disposing of them to the lowest bidder.

1800—Voted that hogs run at large with a good iron ring in their nose.

1852—Voted that the price to be allowed for work of teams and tolls on the highway in Panton be established as follows:

Pr. of horses—75c a day
Yoke of oxen—50c a day
Wagon, cart, plow, scraper—25c a day

—*Dorothy L. Richardson, Panton*

—&—

In Grandmother's Day

When grandmother was young, she wore shoes that were practically straight and were worn interchangeably so that they would last longer. The heels were made of wood, and heel irons were nailed onto them. This type of shoe was very durable.

Lead plummets were used for writing and figuring, of which there was little done, paper being very scarce. The plummets were made by running melted lead in a groove or crack in the kitchen floor. When hardened, one end was pointed and made ready for use.

Wood was used whenever possible—wooden pegs, bolts, pins, hinges, latches—and took the place of metal.

The latchstring, made of leather and used for lifting the latch, was

pulled through a hole in the door and hung outside. At night it was drawn in and the door securely fastened.

Little girls were taught to sew at an early age. When my Aunt Jane was seven or eight years old, she did sewing in a number of homes for pay and was considered an excellent sewer by the older women.

This was a common way of serving food I have heard my mother tell about. The various members of the family sat around the table. and in the center of the table was placed the trencher of food. The older people had a knife and fork of steel, with bone handles, while the children had a spoon with which to eat. Everyone ate from one dish of food. The grownups were very skillful in carrying the food to their mouths on the knives.—*Emma A. Kimball, Sharon.*

Place Names

Among the unusual and humorous place names in my own locality we find Brimstone Corner. This is a cross-roads corner in the eastern section of the town said to be named because of people living near there for a time who were certainly on the road to Brimstone. With a more pleasant association, we hear of Johnny Cake Lane, a street in Chelsea said to have been named by a long-ago peddler. In selling his wares from door to door, he observed that every family on the street had johnny cake on the table, and in reporting his experiences observed, "Why, it is a very Johnny Cake Lane." The name has stuck to this day. In the west side of town there is a road leading to Randolph called the Rabbit Track because of its narrow path and abrupt, sharp turns. It used to be said this was no road for a courting couple because two hands were needed to guide the horse. A remote thickly-wooded valley between two hills still bears the name Eagle "Holler," spelled as it was then pronounced. Another misspelling following from pronunciation is that of "Medder" Meeting House. This is a small settlement in the town of Corinth. While Corinth's population was considerably larger in the late eighteen hundreds than it now is, the town has always been divided into small hamlets known as West Corinth, East Corinth, Cookeville, Corinth Center, Corinth Corners, Goose Green, and Waits River, as well as the one previously mentioned.

The township of Tunbridge is divided into three villages along the first branch of the White River. The Indians on their way to Royalton in 1780 made their first attack in what is usually called North Tunbridge, but because of the amount of blood shed the older residents

are sometimes still heard to refer to this section as Blood Village. The central section of the town is designated as Tunbridge Market because the stores and largest trading concerns were located here. Further south along the river was a group of houses, church, school, store and post office commonly known as Jigger village, because of the frequent dances held, so called "kitchen junkets." The people taking part in the dances were said to be "pretty jiggery," hence the name.

In the vicinity of Hartford and Norwich there are many Biblical names chosen by one Aaron Hutchinson, an itinerant Congregational minister about the year 1774. Having come from Hartford, Connecticut, to its namesake town in Vermont, Mr. Hutchinson soon gathered around him a zealous group who, under his direction, erected a church at the center of town. This building was perched atop a long hill which to this day is called Church Hill. Soon, encouraged by this success, he branched out to another well-populated area but still within Hartford township. Here he lived long enough to instigate the building of a church and parsonage. He named his new religious neighborhood Jericho. This group being well started, he moved a few miles to the next settlement and, building a church here, named it Dothan. His zeal continued, and he next moved to a locality which he named Goshen, but here he was successful only in having built a large log cabin.

When one looks over the New England map, especially the towns bordering the Connecticut River, one sees what a large number of our towns were named by the settlers for the area farther south from which they came.—*Rosemary Lewis, Chelsea.*

—&—

Testing Sheep's Wool

(*St. Johnsbury Caledonian*, Aug. 30, 1872)

To test the quality of wool: Take a lock of wool from the sheep's back and place it upon an inch rule. If you can count from 30 to 35 of the spirals or folds in the space of an inch, it equals in quality the finest electorial or Saxony wool grown. Of course, when the number of spirals to the inch diminishes, the quality of the wool is relatively inferior. Many tests have been tried, but this is considered the simplest and best. Cotswold wool and some other inferior wools do not measure nine spirals to the inch. With this test, every farmer has in possession a knowledge which will enable him to form correct judgment of all this kind of wool. There are some coarse wools which experienced sheep-growers do not rank as wool but as hair, on

account of the hardness and straightness of the fiber.—*Ruth Warrel, Barnet.*

—&—

The Old Way

An elderly lady told me that she remembers going into the maple woods with her grandfather when he gathered sap. He had made his own pails. They were large chunks of hard wood carefully burned and cut out so that they held quite a bit of sap. These he had placed upon a hand-sled and drawn to the large iron kettle or vat where he was boiling down the sap over an outdoor fire.

She also told me that charcoal was made here in the state as late as sixty years ago. That her father dug a large pit for his wood, stacked it just so in a pyramid, and for twenty-four to thirty-six hours had no sleep while the "coals" were in the making. Those last hours of watchfulness were so important that it was her duty to keep one eye upon her father to keep him from falling asleep from fatigue and the other upon the "coals" in the pit that she might cry out in alarm if a single flame began to show. If it did, the whole lot of "coal" was ruined. —*Mary Whitney Kidd, Northfield.*

—&—

What To Believe

To see the new moon over the left shoulder was an omen of bad luck.

When going on a journey, if one forgot something and had to return to the house to get it, the person must take off his hat and sit down for five minutes before starting out again.

A horse that can't roll over is not worth much.

Corn should be planted when the maple leaves are the size of a mouse's ear.

It was considered bad luck to kill a spider or a cricket.

A cold, wet May
Will fill the barn with hay.

As many fogs as there are in March,
As many frosts there'll be in June.

—*Emma A. Kimball, Sharon*

—&—

Old Covered Bridge

The Paddleford suspension bridge, a covered bridge between Derby Line and Rock Island, was named after its builder. It was constructed at a very early date and stood staunch and strong until it

was replaced by the present open-span iron bridge, which was built in 1915.

The original notice over the entrances was in legal form and in fine print. When it became dingy and hard to read, it appeared again in fresh paint with the following words: WALK OR PAY THREE DOLLARS.

It is said that one of the first to pass under the newly painted sign got out of his buggy and led his horse through the bridge.

Another legend is of a hilarious horseman who exceeded the speed limit so often and was fined so many times that he finally claimed he had paid for the old bridge and demanded a deed of the same.

The wrecking of this landmark attracted a crowd, and when the boarding and upper frame had been removed, charges of powder in the stringers were set off from shore and the whole mass tumbled into the river.

There was a moment of silence. Then one rapt by-stander observed: "They sure misconstrued that bridge."—*Irene Selby, Derby Line.*

—&—

Curious

Taken from the diary of Hannah Barber, as written by a mutual friend of hers and her future husband, Andrew White:

Says & D J 2 Hannah B.
U R the very 1 for me
In X L N C U X L
All the others on the hill.

—*Gertrude I. White, North Hartland*

—&—

Epitaphs

We found this one in a cemetery in Dummerston:

Joanna Wilder
She fulfilled in a good degree the scripture requirements of the wife of a Deacon. She lived with her husband 60 years.

And on the same trip, but in a Brattleboro graveyard, this one:

Timothy Whipple
d. 1796
Deliriums State, was worse than fate
And vacancy of mind
But real grace filled up the space
And left a hope behind.

—*Margaret Foster, Windsor*

C. C. P.

My grandfather, Christopher C. Putnam, Sr., operated a country store, and sold grain.

His bags were marked C. C. P.

One day when I was riding with Grandfather, we rounded a bend, and on the left was an elderly man hoeing his garden. He had patched his pants with a grain bag, and on the seat was C. C. P. Grandfather took one look and exclaimed:

"I know I own the old cuss, body and soul, but I didn't suppose the damned fool would advertise it."—*Ralph W. Putnam, Waterbury.*

—&—

Noticing

"One thing I've always noticed," said Henry Hunt. "I've druv stage from Fairfax Street to Georgia Depot nigh onto twenty years, and every Friday" (impressive pause) "it either rained, or it didn't."

—*Frances Hobart, Winooski*

Postscript

"To be ignorant of what happened before you were born is to be ever a child."—CICERO

In this Age of the Tin Can and the foods therein I find myself tempted to wander back into the Tin-canless Age—not that I would abolish the cans, of course, although I sometimes wonder if canned soup and canned ideas do not have some chemical affinity. I am inclined to argue that some fine old foods could be rescued from the past if we would make the effort—or rather our women-folk would. While I am sure feminine eyebrows are bound to go up, here is an old recipe that sounds impressive to me. It appeared in the Keeseville (N.Y.) *Republican* in 1890 and is not so far back in time that its use can have completely vanished. Here in the office, two of our female staff were doubtful about "isinglass," and one thought it was the substance used in the front panels of stoves—a fact that goes to prove something. Anyway, here is the recipe, and it sounds good to me:

> A country housewife says: I know of nothing so delicious in hot weather as hung buttermilk. Fill a jelly bag or cloth (which is quite free from holes) with buttermilk (which is better if it has been churned two or three days), let it hang all night, when the water will have strained out. Turn the curd that remains into a bowl, and mix by degrees as much sweet milk or cream as will make it the consistency of thick cream, blending it well to remove all lumps. When it is quite smooth sweeten to taste, and add the juice of any preserve to flavor it. Whisk for five or six minutes and pour it into a glass dish. Another way is to hang the buttermilk all night, as before, then blend the curds very smoothly with thick cream and sweeten. Dissolve in milk one-quarter ounce of isinglass which has been melted over the fire, stir this into the cream, and whisk for a few minutes, then pour the mixture into a mold. When stiff turn it out and serve.

* * *

Repeatedly in serious research work on Vermont towns or villages of the early periods, a reference to some local storyteller will appear and then vanish. We erect monuments to dictators, warriors, politicians, kings and princes, but the laughter-maker seems to have been associated in all past civilizations and ours, too, with the evanescent and temporal. Here in Vermont I am laying tentative plans to rescue as many fun-makers as I find. I find one in the *Centennial Celebration*

of the Settlement of Chelsea, Vermont, September 4, 1884, a booklet given us by Miss Emily Hale (VHS) of Andover, Mass. He was a pioneer by the name of Samuel Lincoln, and here is one of his stories:

"I was going out one morning to set a bar-post, with a crow-bar on my shoulder. As I neared the spot, I saw a huge black snake running across the road. I threw the crow-bar upon him, but without effect. The snake immediately threw himself upon his head and wound himself down into the solid earth, out of sight. I threw the crow-bar after him, but without penetrating any distance into the hole the snake had made. I then took off my coat, hat and mittens, spat on the palm of my hands, and with tremendous force threw the bar after the *sarpent*, the bar disappearing at once out of sight. This was in November. I saw and heard nothing of snake or bar until the next spring, when I happened to be in Boston. Having a curiosity to go on board a ship, I went down to India wharf, where was lying a ship recently in from the East Indies. I went aboard, and there, to my great surprise, saw a crow-bar lying on deck with my initials ("S.L.") plainly marked on it. I claimed the bar as my property, but the captain of the vessel refused to let me have it, saying that it belonged to the ship. I brought an action of replevin to recover my property. At the trial it was proved that on the very day I threw the bar after the snake, while the vessel was sailing along the East Indian waters, under a cloudless sky, and on an unruffled sea, on the opposite side of the earth, that identical bar came tearing up through the keel of the ship and lodged on deck. I recovered my property and took the bar home with me."

* * *

Twenty-three years ago, a librarian quietly joined VHS, and in the years since no member of our Board of Curators has contributed more in terms of loyal and lasting service. Even those of us long associated with VHS who have long counted him as a friend were surprised when we really learned the truth about him through an article by Professor John Hurd in the May, 1951, issue of the *Dartmouth Alumni Magazine*. I am referring to Harold Goddard Rugg, Dartmouth '06. In the early years of VHS a number of truly distinguished Vermonters, including Governors of the state, gave devoted service to the Society, but biographical material dealing with them and their service is not easy to find; so I welcome this opportunity to jot down a few notes concerning Mr. Rugg which, I am sure, will interest our readers and also make data for the future available. Some facts we knew about him even if not through him—that he was born in Hartland, Vt., that he has probably the finest collection of Vermontiana extant (2,300 books and 3,000 mss.), that he began as assistant in the Dartmouth library in 1905 and has been associated with it ever since and is now associate librarian of the Baker Memorial Library at Dartmouth, that he knows rare books as an expert knows them, that his service as chairman of our library committee has en-

abled us to function well in spite of our ridiculously low library funds, that he is an expert in Vermont ferns and flowers. Such facts and more we knew, and in his quiet goings and comings we knew he had used his vacations for trips to favorite places. What we did not know are these facts—that he seems to have wandered the world over, to Mexico many times, "He has dined in Soho, breakfasted in Paris, drunk in the glories of glass at Chartres and the antiguity of Visigoth walls in Carcassonne, savored the sunsets on the Côte d'Azur, tasted Heuriger in Vienna, and sipped Turkish coffee in Constantinople. Sweden, Palestine, Egypt have known him. He has climbed the Teton Range in Wyoming, the Pyrenees, visited Norway, and the Arctic, Newfoundland, Labrador, Canada.

Professor Hurd's conclusion is this: ". . . he is hardly a man to boast of his triumphs. On the contrary, so far as a search for any limelight is concerned, he might be only a lexicographer as defined by Dr. Johnson." This brief and passing paragraph does by no means cover Mr. Rugg's wise and wide-ranging career, but it may give a glimpse of another Vermonter who in a reticent Vermont way has lived and is living a life of achievement that is a credit to him and to his state and to VHS which claims him as one of its own.

* * *

The surf of words that rips and roars about my ears from print and air constantly suggests to me that we live in a wrangling world if there ever was one, and any member who attempts, as one member did, to list the major issues, would founder in the welter of questions being debated. The possibility is, we hope, that a fair share of them will be settled within the next ten years—at least the dictator who started the most vicious ones will be safely out of the way—and a measure of peace may descend on the world. But in argument with words, even with battle-axes, some measure of progress lies, and arguments will go on even up to the Gates of Paradise in all probability. I have before me the records of the Tunbridge Lyceum of 1841—the gift of Dr. C. P. Chandler (VHS) of Montpelier. Let's see what Vermonters were debating a century ago; and here are a few of the questions: 1. *Does education exert a greater influence than nature in the formation of the character of an individual?* Affirmative won. 2. *Has George Washington exerted a greater influence upon mankind than Benj. Franklin?* A.W. 3. *Do males exert a greater influence on forming and shaping of the character of a community than females?* A.W. 4. *Would it be expedient to introduce one system of arithmetic into our common schools?* A.W. 5. *Is the intellectual capacity of woman equal to that of men?*

Negative won. 6. *Is slavery as it now exists in the United States a greater evil than intemperance?* N.W. 7. *Is there more happiness in the Palace than the Cottage?* N.W. . . . There are echoes of old issues in such questions, but the secretary's minutes record no wrangling or blows, simply "animated discussion." Alas and alack, the old human story appears in the last minutes recorded: "Jan. 10, 1844. Met agreeable to adjournment and not being members present sufficient to constitute a quorum the meeting adjourned *sine die*." Verily, the effort to become educated is a burden to the flesh, but the Lyceum did function for three years before the end came in a series of fading meetings and records; and here the mute records speak of voices long stilled and dreams long over—except to the historian who finds in such books clue after clue to the thought of a day in Vermont long gone.

* * *

"Vermont at Gettysburg" is a welcome paper in our series on battles of the past in which Vermont troops saw decisive action. Mr. Folsom's (VHS) familiarity with the battlefield and his careful study of factors involved are evident in the paper as they have been in others in the series. In answer to a steady flow of requests we can say that we hope to publish these studies in one volume with maps and other illustrative material that we cannot use with the *Quarterly's* limited format. Helen Hartness Flanders (VHS) has deserved and won an international reputation with her research in Vermont ballads. Our catalog, sent to all members, lists two publications by her, and she has another to be published shortly. We will pass on full information about it when the book is published. Frances S. Lovell (VHS) of Bellows Falls finds Vermont history rich with themes for sketches and stories which appear in a wide range of periodicals. Alice Cone Perry (Mrs. Stephen K. Perry, VHS) sends us her entertaining sketch of a "village merchant"—and there seems to be a story in each merchant of the old days—from 487 Fern Street, West Hartford 7, Conn. George N. Dale (VHS), 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill., is at home in Essex County, and he has been writing exceptionally informative articles laid in that area which have been appearing in the *Essex County Herald*. We plan to publish some of them that have a state interest. One of our members who deserves a small halo for his long and devoted service to VHS is Professor Leon W. Dean of the University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt. His copy for the folklore department comes along faithfully and on time. Our members interested in the field can aid him by sending him the one dollar membership.

Here is an extract from an address by S. K. Stevens, president of the Pennsylvania Historical Association, which seems to me to phrase very effectively the fundamental thesis of modern historical theory:

> The theme of my address at Columbus was the basic importance of history, and especially our local history, in developing understanding of and for our American heritage. The current world situation makes it clear that we must develop a new faith in our institutions and it must rest upon a deep and appreciative understanding of them. No person can believe in that which he does not understand. Ours is the task to furnish the facts of history which tell the story of our heritage as a free people. It is only through historical facts that we can get at the roots of our life as a nation. Those facts must be the product of research and scholarship. But they must be translated through publications, museums, historical markers, intelligent use of the press and radio into a living message which will reach all the people.
>
> We no longer can afford as members of this Association, or of any other historical society, to indulge in the luxury of history for the historians. *We need to redouble our efforts to provide history for everyone.* [*Italics mine. Ed.*] [*Pennsylvania History*, July, 1951]

* * *

Many phases of Vermont history still lie in the murky depths of the past, and we are going to venture into them under able guides. There is no economic history of the state, yet this is a most vital story as we catch it in gleams and flashes; and such a definitive study will be useful to leaders in state government, in industry, and in the professions and decidedly so to our leaders in agriculture. We have made a beginning in this. A paper on the major phases of the mining industry of the past which will have present practical values has been promised us by Professor E. C. Jacobs, the former state geologist. Dr. Sidney G. Morse of Norwich University, Head of the Department of Social Sciences, has agreed to prepare for us a study of the development of our Vermont system of representation in our legislature. Our members who have found a need for special material in any phase of their professional or business work or readers who have found troublesome gaps in their reading or study are invited to send in suggestions.

* * *

Many, ah, many years ago, we saw a man of fine presence rise at a Middlebury College commencement dinner and read with a truly golden voice a poem with the title, "Vermont: An Ode." The memory has remained with us through the years. To find the ode now has been difficult, and it also belongs in the literary history of the state; so we are going to publish it, one of these months, in the *Quarterly* where it

will become a permanent part of the state's literary archives, where readers now and far in the future may turn to it at will. Here are the first two stanzas:

VERMONT

Dear little state among the dark-green hills
  That for unchanging barriers dost take
  The long, bright river and the azure lake
And whose deep lap the short-lived summer fills
With sudden sweetness till the wealth o'erspills,
  How shall we sing thee for thy beauty's sake,
  Or praise thee with a voice that shall not break
With pathos of a history that thrills?

What if on flying feet thy summers go?
  What if the gods of beauty and of power
  Pour in a casket small thy peerless dower?
Who would not rather feel love's fiercest throe
Than count the vacant years the loveless know,
  Reign with the rose her one imperial hour
  Than live the summer-long a meaner flower?
Be glad! they crown is greener for the snow.

A.W.P.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Membership in the Society is open to any individual or institution.

AIMS AND PURPOSES

THE VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY, founded a hundred and fourteen years ago, is the *official historical society* of the State of Vermont. Housed in the State Library Building at Montpelier, it maintains a Library, Reading-Room, the State Museum, and furnishes a wide range of services to the State and individuals through its staff. It publishes scholarly and general books of lasting value; its rich collections contain priceless material for the study of community, state, and national history; it serves as headquarters for the local historical societies of the State. It also functions as an educational institution, seeking to promote the study of history in both popular and research phases. Its aims are to preserve for the future valuable relics, data, and documents, to emphasize an understanding of history as an asset to the people of the State, including its youth, as an approach to the problems of man in his relation to society, and as a method of clarifying the permanent values that underlie achievement in human experience. The Society is supported in part by appropriations of the General Assembly, but the major part of its necessary income is drawn from private gifts, contributions, endowments, and membership fees. Its affairs are under the direct control of representatives of the State, *ex officio*, and a Board of Curators who are recognized leaders in professional and business fields.

CLASSES OF MEMBERSHIP

Names and addresses of possible members are given prompt attention.

LIFE MEMBERSHIPS. $100. *No* annual dues. Includes subscription to the official magazine of the Society, *The Vermont Quarterly*, a monthly publication, the *V.H.S. News and Notes*, and a free copy of every book published by the Society after the receipt of the dues and during the member's lifetime.

V.H.S. ASSOCIATES. $25 annual dues. Includes subscription to *The Vermont Quarterly*, *V.H.S. News and Notes*, and a free copy of each book published by the Society in the current year.

INSTITUTIONAL MEMBERSHIP. $10 annual dues. Includes *The Vermont Quarterly* *V.H.S. News and Notes*, and free copies of monographs or other special studies containing the results of economic research in business and industrial fields from a historical point of view.

SUSTAINING MEMBERSHIP. $5 annual dues. Includes *The Vermont Quarterly* *V.H.S. News and Notes*, and a discount of 33⅓ percent on selected Society publications.

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All members are entitled to the complete services of the Society, including the answering of questions involving historical matters, the assembling of research data, the preparation of club programs, the furnishing of speakers for special occasions, and various other forms of assistance.

A membership, except a life membership, holds for one year, beginning on the day of the receipt with dues of the application or certificate.

SELECTED TITLES FROM THE PUBLICATIONS
of the
VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY
MONTPELIER, VERMONT

Books listed below may be ordered directly at the price indicated. Members of the Society are given a 10 per cent discount on any volume, except those starred.

1. *The Capture of Ticonderoga* by Lucius Chittenden. Documents, notes. 172 pp. $1.50
2. *Biography of Thomas Davenport, Inventor of the Electric Motor* by W. R. Davenport. Illus. Index. 165 pp. $3.00
3. *Vermonters* by D. B. E. Kent. Famous Vermonters, their birthplaces, their records. 187 pp. $1.50
4. *Dake of Castleton* by H. W. Congdon. Vermont's most beautiful buildings. 36 pp., 24 photographs. $1.00.
5. *The Story of a Country Medical College; a History of the Clinical School of Medicine and The Vermont Medical College, Woodstock, Vermont 1827–1856* by F. C. Waite. Illus. 213 pp. $4.50
6. *Vermont During the War for Independence . . . Being Three Chapters from the Author's Natural and Civil History of Vermont*, published in 1794, by Samuel Williams. 104 pp. Wrappers. $1.25
7. *People of Wallingford* by B. C. Batcheller. 328 pp. $3.00
8. *History of Londonderry* by A. E. Cudworth. 228 pp. $3.00
9. *History of Marlborough* by E. H. Newton. 330 pp. $3.50
10. *History of Barnard* by W. M. Newton. 2 vols. 879 pp. Illus. Folding Maps $9.00
11. *History of Pomfret* by H. H. Vail. 2 vols. 687 pp. Illus. Folding Maps $5.00
12. *Peacham: The Story of a Vermont Hill Town*. Vol. 1. 494 pp. 29 ill., maps, appendices., bibl., index. $6.00
13. *List of Pensioners of the War of 1812* by B. N. Clark. $1.50
14. *Heads of Families: Second Census of the United States: 1800. The State of Vermont*. Folio, 233 pp. $3.00
15. *The First Medical College in Vermont. Castleton 1818–1862* by Frederick Clayton Waite. 280 pp. 13 ill. Catalog of graduates and non-graduates. Index. $5.00

*16. *Vermont Lease Lands* by Walter T. Bogart. Definitive treatment of question of lease or glebe lands assigned for educational and religious uses. 392 pp. Index. $6.16

*17. *The Vermont Story* by Earle W. Newton. 535 ill., Bibl., index, 281 pp. $7.50

A LETTER TO JOHN SPARGO

December 10, 1926

SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I am very sorry that I can not attend the official exercises in commemoration of the one hundred and fiftieth year of Vermont's independence. I would greatly enjoy hearing the commemorative address by Attorney General Sargent. My interest in and love for Vermont and her history is easily explained, because my father and my grandfather and my great grandfather were Vermonters, and since I was able to know anything I was taught by my father to reverence the sturdy manhood and cherish the practical ideals of the Green Mountain State. I was able to observe the free masonry that existed between Vermont men who had moved to other States toward one another. I came to feel, as I now feel, that in that State is maintained, undiluted and undemoralized, that which we like to call the real American character. Its continued maintenance is the strongest security for the future of our country.

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT